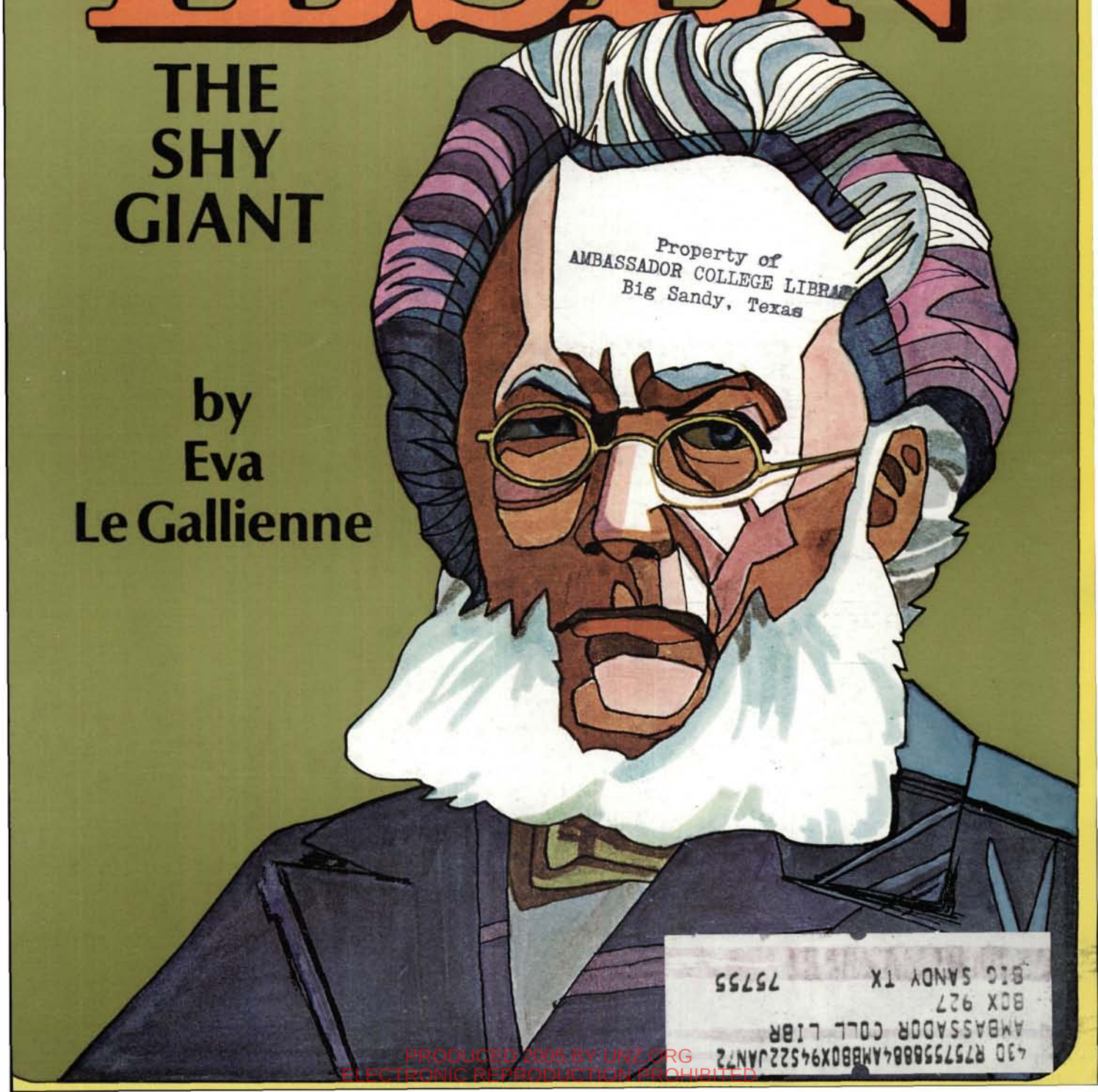
Saturday Review
AUGUST 14, 1971 50¢

# IBSEN

## THE SHY GIANT

by Eva Le Gallienne



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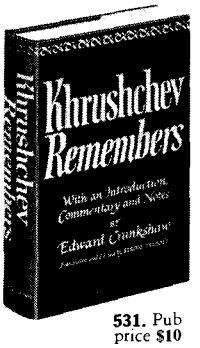


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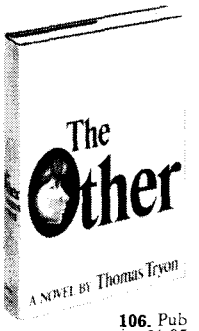


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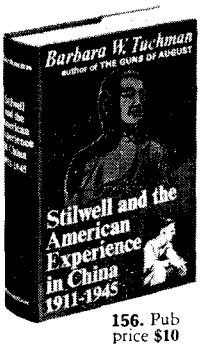


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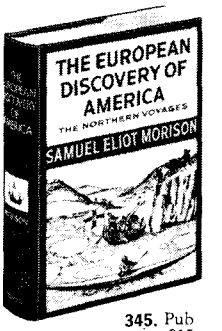


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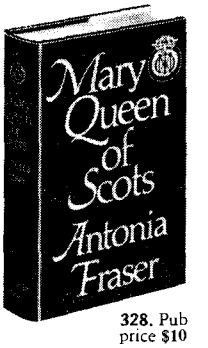


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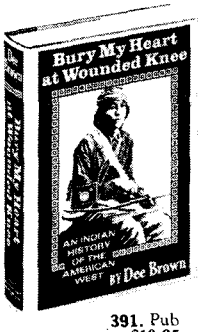


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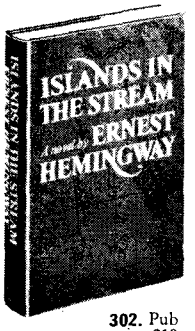


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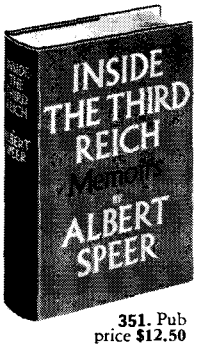


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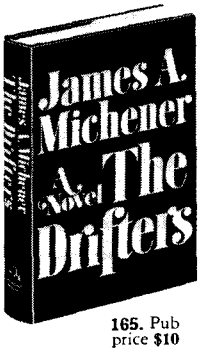


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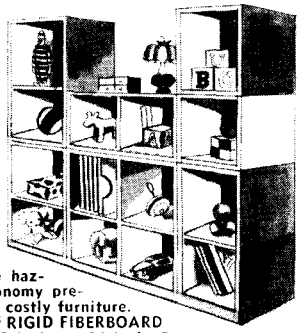

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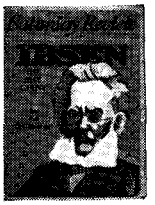
# Saturday Review

*Cover story, page 23*

**Ibsen: The Shy Giant**

*by Eva Le Gallienne*

*Cover design: Irving Spellens*

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# Phoenix Nest

*Edited by Martin Levin*

## Fuller Explanation

*(In Memoriam: Ogden Nash, 1902-71)*

When Ogden Nash conceived and wrote
This classic quatrain—and I quote:

"The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks,
Which practically conceal its sex.
I think it clever of the turtle
In such a fix to be so fertile"—

He left the picture incomplete,
Inflating, thus, the turtle's feat.

For while he praised a lowly reptile
For being so, let's say, adeptile,
He left unsaid a crucial fact:
*That female turtle's decks were stacked!*

—J. F. O'CONNOR.

## Slouching Toward Didion

I WAS GOING HOME, to love and death, and motes suspended in the shaft of sunlight in the cellar redolent of wine and yesteryears, where the New England elms swayed ambiguously in the hard sunlight, home to innocence and wonder, Tess running backward from the pen of Thomas Hardy.

Long ago, in the summer of 1968, the ambience of my New England village, neon on night, slow *arrivistes* in the venal arena, repelled me. I had heard the 3,000-mile murmur of silvered olive leaves, felt the pull of orange Pacific moon, hungered for the mellow repartee of *engagés* in some afternoon-lit bar:

"My vibes, man, strictly it's a bummer."

"Too much, man, you're t-o-o much!"

"So I'm splittin' 'n'not groovin', y'uh know?"

"Sure, man!"

A torrent of notebooks, spiralbound and casually sprinkled with now yesterday's jejune enigmas, proving the inexactitude of I as epicenter: *Pleasure is the shadow of the fallen hawk. Cybernation will be the ruination of the nation via atomization. Heard in a tin-shop: "My first car was a 1927 Maxwell."*

What hawk fallen where? Needs be atomization? Whose Maxwell?

In the airport terminal I looked up. "*High Noon* and *High and Mighty*. How low unshackled filmdom now. Oh, Thebes, and now Epigoni!"

Insensate taxi tires crunched the new dead leaves, making sounds like syllables from the wearied lips of a Henry James governess.

Mallards and Mallarmé, cycles of Rama, thoughts breaking on a gray New England headland, rivers out of Pentland, bread from an oven in San Francisco, a dime from a pay phone in Los Angeles. Is this the *donnée?*

Then the family din, and a thin smile masking nothing but all. We voice a toast. *No one offered me a cottonwood,* I think. I play my part, knowing the Saran Wrap will not hold.

In the moonless night, I hear the surf boom but no buoy. I fumble the comforter in the starless night. A VW spins its wheels by a vineyard where dry grapes sway, unseen.

I fall asleep thinking of Acid-Head Annie doing her needlepoint. She is fifteen, going on fourteen. What a pain.

*In the assuaging comes the knowledge.* Chardin? Charteris? Chaplin?

—J. JOSEPH LEONARD.

## The Brown Suit

An indispensable part of an Italian male adult's wardrobe is the brown suit. In Rome the brown suit is as popular among Italians as the blue serge suit was among Americans fifty or sixty years ago or, roughly, about the time Wetzel of Fifth Avenue was nearing the peak of his remarkable sartorial powers.

There is a difference, of course, between the Italian brown suit and the blue serge. Properly tailored, whether custom-made or bought from the racks, the blue serge was a garment of beauty and guaranteed service. It imparted to its owner an air that a suit of any other material or color could never give him. Timidity in a gray suit often became aggressiveness in blue serge.

The blue serge suit was also a recognized Sunday suit, second only to black, though steady churchgoing was hard on the seat of the trousers, particularly if the wearer was forced to sit through long sermons. (Without consciously willing it, the great preachers of those days were enemies of blue serge trousers.) The shine that resulted from excessive piety was equaled only by the shine developed on the trousers of bookkeepers. Some bookkeepers tried to protect themselves by using cushions on their high stools, but employers often objected to cushions, offering bookkeepers the choice between instant dismissal or an ugly shiny blue serge seat. Young men who loved their blue serge suits were known to forswear bookkeeping as a career rather than ruin a suit.

For a time the situation became so bad that a shortage of bookkeepers appeared to be inevitable in our larger cities and the HELP WANTED MALE columns of the newspapers were full of ads such as: "Wanted—bkpr, 8-6, Sundays off. $25 weekly stipend. Cushion allowed." The word cushion was later shortened to cshn and a few liberal employers even said: "Cshn, provided." Eventually, the threat of a shortage of bookkeepers passed.

The immediate effects of what was regarded as a victory for the blue serge suit did not go unnoticed. The wages of bookkeepers rose to $28 and even $30 a week, and more young men were encouraged to become bookkeepers; the manufacturers of cushions began producing better cushions as their business improved, and the blue serge suit became more popular than ever.

A great deal less can be said for the brown suit of the Italians. No one within the range of a number of extensive studies I have seen has been able to provide a reasonable or satisfactory answer why the color attracts so many Italians. Possibly the inquiries have failed because the men who conducted the surveys wore brown suits themselves and were unable to explain their taste.

The color of the suits is hard to describe since I have never seen it in New York or anywhere else. Whoever has been in Rome if only for an hour or two knows the suit. The color is that of the walls of the Treasury buildings in Via Settembre, which are nearly a century old. In digging the foundations in 1874, we are told by Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, the great nineteenth-century archeologist, the builders had to go to a depth of forty-one feet through the debris of ancient Rome before reaching solid ground.

I'm not sure of the connection between the brown of the suit and the brown of the Treasury walls. Maybe there isn't one; but I know that if a thousand men in brown suits were massed against the Treasury they would be invisible from a short distance away. The Treasury is a vast bureaucracy—no one is quite sure how vast—and, as many of the Treasury employees wear brown suits the color of the outer walls, and, as there is a constant coming and going around the buildings and through the courtyard of men in brown suits, employees and non-employees, it is not likely that the exact number of Treasury workers, or even an approximation of the number, will ever be known.

—JOHN FERRIS.



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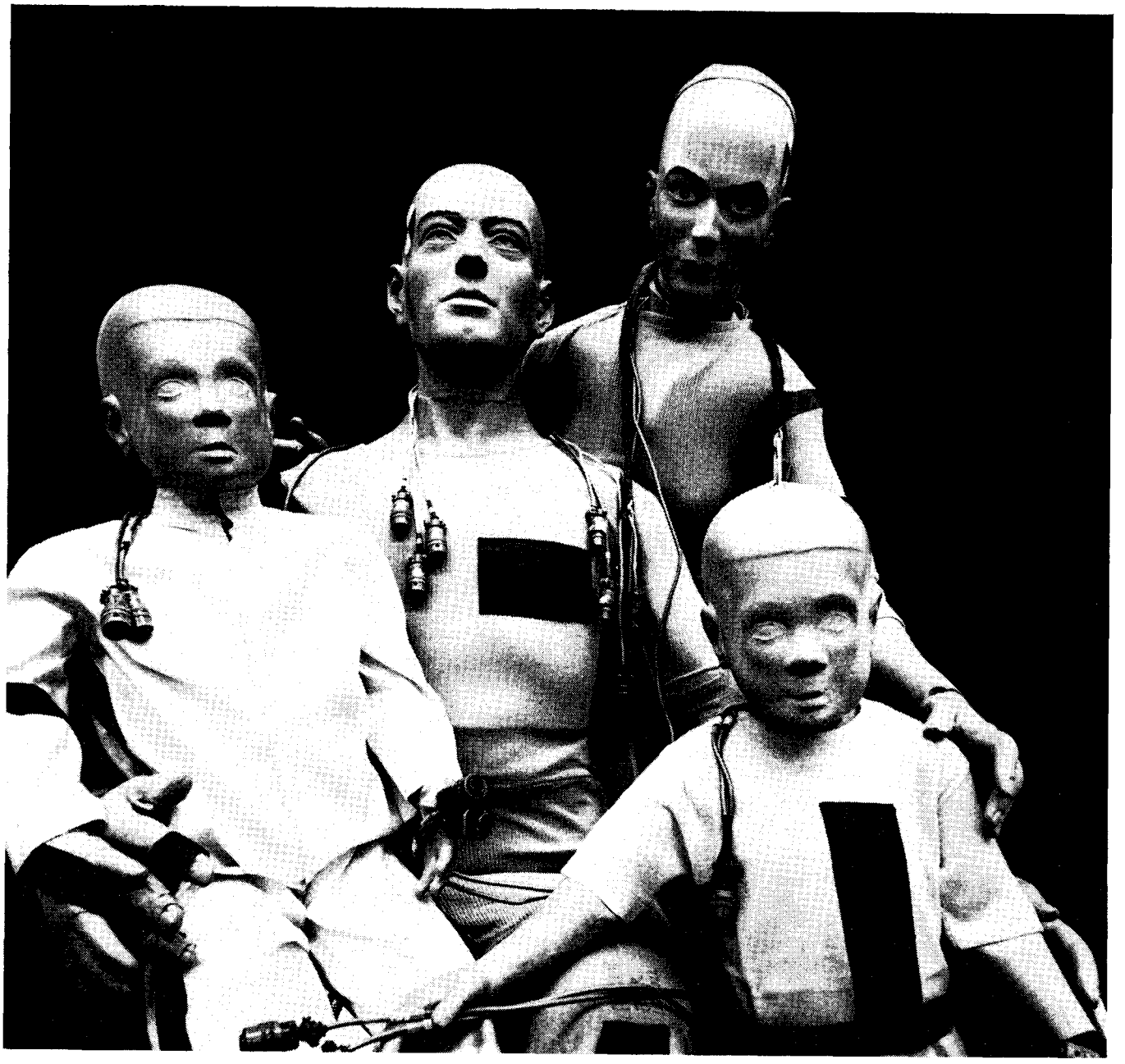

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# Top of My Head

*Goodman Ace*

## Hummmming

THE BIG TROUBLE is that nobody hums any more. In grim and tortured silence, we bend to the daily task of unraveling the knotty problems of coping and survival, activating our ulcers, our acidity, and our migraines.

Meanwhile, humming, once the world's greatest tranquilizer, has become a drug on the market.

Whistling went out years ago, due, of course, to the capping of teeth. Singing, we all know, is for showers. So, to paraphrase the song, what the world needs now is hum, sweet hum, hum for everyone.

O Lord, we have rock 'n' rollers and soul chanters aplenty, and country and Western wailers, and a million amplified guitars plugged into every light socket in the universe. And even the hum of the bee is not heard in our land.

Too bad. It's so easy to hum, requires no Juilliard scholarship, no lessons in breath control or phrasing. Actually, not even an ear for music. To each his own key, in his own tempo, and pianissimo. Very pianissimo.

Care to join a movement to bring back the art of humming, hm? Hum along with me the tune to these lines:

*Picture you, upon my knee,*
*Just tea for two, and two for tea.*

Not bad. But I heard a few of you mumbling the Irving Caesar lyrics through your Vincent Youmans hums. Wrong. In humming, there are no lyrics. Lyrics can only trip you up, especially if you are a beginner. It could come out:

*Picture you, upon my knee,*
*Just two for tea, and tea for two.*

Irving wouldn't like that kind of rhyming. In humming, concentration is only on the music. After you have become expert at humming, the lyrics will flit by subconsciously. I happen to be an expert. I can hum the third stanza of "The Star-Spangled Banner." At ball games when we rise to sing the anthem and everyone else is "Oh, say can you see-ing?" I hum the third stanza. That's the anti-pollution stanza:

*And where is that band who so vauntingly swore*
*That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,*
*A home and a country should leave us no more!*
*Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.*

But you're too new at humming for that. Let's try another tune, "One for My Baby." OK? Softly now—hmmmmm:

*It's a quarter to three,*
*There's no one in the place, except you and me.*

No, I'm sorry. There are still some singers out there. I think it's a matter of lip placement. Close them, not too tightly, just gently enough to let a hum seep through. Try it again from "It's a quarter to three." But without the lyrics:

*Hm hm hmmmmm hm hmmmm,*
*Hm hm hm hm hmhm, hmmm hm hm hmmm. . . .*

Good! Lyrics will only get you into trouble. I've heard professional singers do it: "It's a quarter to two, there's no one in the place except you and me"; also, "It's a quarter to three, there's no one in the place except me an you"; to say nothing of "you and I." Just how late Johnny Mercer's barkeep kept open to pour one for Johnny's baby and one more for the road doesn't matter if you're a hummer.

Of course, there are some songs that require singing rather than humming. They are the emotional songs. Stay away from humming those. Especially if you're walking in the street, bowed down by some seemingly insoluble decision you must make. You can't very well hum, "To dream the impossible dream." Your hum may start like a hymn, but soon it will rise to a crescendo, your face turn red, and your eyeballs pop, until somebody throws a net over you.

That's not background music to calm you through a knotty problem. Music to suffer by is the simple, melodious, and hummable music of a day gone by.

*Imagination is funny,*
*It makes a cloudy day sunny.*

That's the ticket. Certainly not the frantic song Vikki Carr sings, "Let It Be Him." You know the story—she's alone in her apartment waiting for the phone to ring and praying it will be her boyfriend.

"Please, God," she dramatically sings, "let it be him."

But it's never he. And, of course, you and I know why it's never he. The guy never calls because he is sick and tired of being subjected to an objective pronoun following an intransitive verb, that's why.

I like the way she sings it, but I just can't bring myself to buy the recording. After all, I have to live with myself. Now there's an odd couple. One of them can't stand the other because he always hums out of tune.

*"Personally, what with my painting, my book on the history of Western civilization, my studies in archeology and anthropology, working on my theory of the origin of the universe, and writing critiques of Women's Lib, I find my days just aren't long enough."*



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# Trade Winds

*Cleveland Armory*

**Headline of the Week**—from Bill Griswold of Lawrence, Kansas, who found it in the Kansas City *Star*:

ERRORS IN PENAGON PAPERS

Fits the story to a "t." Meanwhile, there was foreign news also—from Charlotte Wright of Madison, Wisconsin, in the Wisconsin *State Journal*:

PARIS. After a year's absence, Le Duc Tho, No. 5 in the North Vietnamese Peking order, returned here to join Mrs. Nguyen Thi Binh.

But now, it seems, we've got a brand-new Peking order. Speaking of which, our Want of the Week came from Carol Davis of Santa Barbara, who found it in the *News-Press*:

MATURE LADY to share a small house with a garden and patio with an elderly gentleman. Very little work, except ordinary meals, no heavy cleaning, washing. Speak English. Car preferred, but not required. Free room and board, compensation to be agreed upon. Nice quiet neighborhood. Have a little poodle.

No comment, please. Elsewhere, on the sports front, Robert Seaks of Washington, D.C., gave us, from the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, the week's most fascinating complete story:

Richmond's new American Hockey League team acquired a name yesterday: Robins.

The name was chosen from a list of some 14,000 entries submitted in a name-the-team contest, and the winning entry was sent in by Mrs. Hester Fore of Richmond.

Mrs. Fore was presented with a runabout and motor by Richmond Sports International, Inc., and its president, E. Claiborne Robins, Jr., yesterday.

What about the Claibornes? On the author front, we liked this contribution from Mary O'Brien of Somerville, Massachusetts, who came across it in the Boston *Globe*:

MARSHFIELD—Police said armed thieves broke into the home of *Herald Traveler* columnist Edward Rowe Snow last night and escaped with an undetermined amount of money after typing up Snow and his wife.

In a situation like that, it's bad enough being *typed*—without also being typoed. Again, speaking of which, we ourselves got it a couple of weeks ago when, in our item on Frank Sinatra singing "I'll Never Smith Again," the typesetter changed "Smith" to "Smile," making our comment "A mighty man is he" not entirely telligible. In these perilous times, it is parlous to fool around with typosetters.

**Not only is** *From the Jaws of Victory* (Simon & Schuster) our favorite title of the year, it is also one of our very favorite books. It's a study of the world's worst generals, from Crassus to Westmoreland, with wonderful analyses of such masters of defeat as America's Ambrose Burnside, England's Ian Hamilton (Gallipoli), Spain's Philip II (the Armada), and France's Emmanuel Félix de Wimpffen (War of 1870). Indeed, about our only complaint with the book was that it didn't have anything in it about its author, Charles Fair.

On meeting Mr. Fair, we promptly G-2ed to him the intelligence that we couldn't find such information—either on the cover or even inside. Had he, we asked, purposely taken cover?

Fair, a bright, energetic, albeit silver-haired fellow, smiled. "I guess," he exclaimed, "it's just that I've led such a weird life and have done so many odd things that the editors decided they didn't want to touch it. The public, you know, likes their authors sort of typecast—as authors."

But why, we demanded, hadn't they even listed his other books? He shook his head. "Maybe," he said, "they just want me to start over again—like a new author. Editors are pretty odd, you know."

Editors and generals, we agreed, odd as they make them. Had he, we asked, ever been in the military himself? "I was in the Navy," he said, "for approximately twenty-eight minutes. But they didn't want to put that in, either."

Obviously, we said, those editors were impossible. But what else had he done—for possibly a little longer? "Well," he said, hesitantly, "I went to Yale—for six months."

Terrific, we said. Twenty-eight minutes in the Navy and six months at Yale. What did those editors expect? Nobody's perfect. Just the same, though, had he, by any chance, done anything for a really long time—like, say, a year? "Well," he said again, obviously trying to be helpful, "for about two years I went to pieces."

Oh? we said. "Yes," he said, "I got into a first marriage and two writing projects I was simply not able to handle. After that, though, I put in seven years as a brain scientist."

To this we couldn't manage to say anything. "Actually," he continued, "I was a self-made brain scientist—at MIT, UCLA, and the Massachusetts General Hospital. I was one of the very few members of the MIT staff without any degree at all. Then another marriage went on the rocks, and after that I went to work for Herbert Polin. I told him I had an idea for synthesizing an antimalarial drug."

Sure you did, we said weakly. "Then, after that," he went on, "I became a banana and mahogany buccaneer."

Where? we tried. "It was in the Caribbean," he said, warming to his task. "We operated out of Tampa. Then we had a ship sunk on us—or, actually, it was put on the rocks by a competitor. Lloyds of London said . . . ."

Mr. Fair, we said, please. "Let's see," he said. "The next thing I did was work for some darling shipbrokers down in lower Manhattan. They fed pigeons, but we never did any business."

Sir, we pleaded. "I've never liked New York much," he said. "It makes me itch. After that ship thing, I made a complete break with New York. My third wife was making more than I was, so I took her savings and bought a home in Shoshen, New York. I started to see if I could live playing jazz piano and vibes around Lake George. I also, you know, play electric piano."

We tried one last time. This, sir, is a *book* column. What did you write? He grinned. "Oh," he said, "*that*. When I was at Doubleday—oh, I forgot to tell you that, didn't I?—that was way back. I was a subeditor there, and I sold two pieces to *Punch*. 'Notes from America.' They're just terrible. I reread them a couple of years ago, and I can't imagine why they published them. I've kept them as a horrible warning."

Books? we whispered. "My first book," he said, "was called *The Physical Foundation of the Psyche*. It's absolutely unreadable. You might try my second, though. It's a little more readable."

We refused to ask his title, but he told us anyway. "It's called," he said, "*The Dying Self*."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1948)

DONALD [B.] LOURIA, [M.D.]:
*OVERCOMING DRUGS*

One need only look at a current coffee advertisement saying that if your husband drinks a certain brand in the morning, he will go bounding off to the office full of oomph. What really is being said is that he will be under the influence of our legal stimulant, caffeine.



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THE TRAVELERS

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—Andreas Feininger

# Health Care in America: A Heretical Diagnosis

"If the revolutionary proposals for transforming medicine are adopted, medical care in this country will cost more while providing less satisfaction and poorer treatment for millions."

by HARRY SCHWARTZ

The conventional practice of medicine and the physicians engaged in it are under attack in the United States as never before. Ranged behind a banner reading HEALTH CARE CRISIS, a large and vociferous group of critics claims that the nation's medical system is woefully deficient in so many major respects that it must be radically reorganized—and quickly. On this essential diagnosis and prescription, the Nixon administration stands shoulder to shoulder with Senators Edward Kennedy and Edmund Muskie, among others, as well as with numerous trade union leaders.

Many patients are vocally dissatisfied with the high cost of medical care and, increasingly, with the outcome—this latter fact attested to by an epidemic of malpractice suits. The past few years have seen a barrage of articles, books, television programs, and other investigations of the weaknesses and inadequacies of the medical system. "Don't get sick in America," the nation has been told, as though there were some place where it was good to have cancer or multiple sclerosis or schizophrenia. Alarmed by this atmosphere, the American Medical Association has begun to run scared, offering programs for improved financing and delivery of health care, and seeking to upgrade its public image by sponsoring advertisements to show that doctors do care about the health of their patients, the quality of the environment, and the like.

In their righteous wrath, many of today's critics seem to feel that limits of truth, balance, or plain good sense just don't apply to their holy cause. Thus, one national magazine recently blazoned its front cover with WHY YOU CAN'T GET A DOCTOR, though the editors surely know that every week millions of Americans see and are treated by physicians. And in another national magazine, a television critic who signs himself "Cyclops" assured his readers that Medicare had enriched the doctors in much the same fashion that the oil depletion allowance had served the oil industry. One wonders if in an earlier era Cyclops denounced "faceless and nameless accusers" who presented no evidence but simply accused

HARRY SCHWARTZ, of *The New York Times*, is currently writing a book on health care in the United States.



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broad categories of people. More generally, the critics have often focused on the worst areas in this field and trumpeted their findings as though they were typical. With that technique of course, every aspect of American life can be indicted since all—like medicine—have weaknesses and deficiencies.

Even unfair criticism can be useful in keeping an individual, an institution, or a section of society on its toes and helping prevent complacency. Vice President Agnew's attack on the media can be defended from this point of view. But in the case of medical care, many of the critics have "solutions" they want to offer. Having told us what incompetent, greedy monsters dominate the medical profession, the critics assure us that if we will only adopt their pet nostrum all will be well in the best of all medical worlds. The fact that for many years to come most of the physicians treating sick Americans will be the same men and women with M.D. degrees who are being denounced now doesn't seem to shake the faith of these true believers in simplistic solutions. Nor does it seem to occur to many of these would-be reformers that there could be heavy costs in the transition to some new health-care mechanism and there could even turn out to be serious new problems with the proposed "solutions." Such complications tend to be ignored as the fighters against medical evil use the undoubted weaknesses of what now exists for their propaganda while assuming that their proposals would introduce a utopia. Only a few cynics seem to realize that all human arrangements have faults and that present difficulties need to be compared with probable future difficulties.

A staple argument advanced by those who profess to see a health care crisis is that the nation's health is well below what it might be because of the inadequacies of the present medical mechanism. To buttress this argument, the critics virtually always trot out international statistics purporting to show that the United States is way down on the list of the world's nations ranked by such indicators as infant mortality and expectancy.

In part, this argument is based upon simple naïveté in statistical matters. It assumes that it is meaningful to compare small, homogeneous nations concentrated on relatively tiny territories—Sweden and Holland, for example—with the United States, whose population is roughly twenty times as large, incredibly heterogeneous, and spread across a whole continent. Moreover, those who triumphantly cite these statistics usually ignore the problems of statistical definition that make such comparisons even more suspect. And they almost never point out that if comparisons are made between the two most nearly comparable large countries for which data are available—the Soviet Union and the United States—the Soviet Union turns out to have a much higher infant mortality rate than the United States and approximately the same life expectancy level. Why doesn't anyone talk about a Soviet health care crisis?

But this argument has an even more fundamental fallacy, which is the assumption that in a highly developed, modern urban society medical care is somehow the decisive element in such matters as infant mortality and life expectancy. This, of course, ignores all the complex social forces at work. Whatever its sins, the American medical establishment is not responsible for hunger in this country, for the automobiles that kill 50,000 or more people here annually, for the drug overdoses that claim thousands of young lives, or for the millions of Americans who court heart disease and lung cancer by overeating, exercising little or not at all, and smoking a pack or more of cigarettes daily. If a person chooses to eat or smoke his way to death despite his doctor's warning, why blame the doctor?

Finally, it is curious that those who rush to use statistics to indict American medicine are so quiet about data that point in the opposite direction. Why is so little said, for example, about the dramatic decline in American infant mortality in recent years—a drop of more than 20 per cent just between 1965 and 1970? Last year, for the first time in American history, the infant mortality rate went below twenty deaths per thousand live births. Nor are we often reminded that, when allowance is made for the changing age distribution of the population, the death rate in this country has been dropping significantly. In 1967, the last year for which data are available, the age-adjusted death rate in this country was 7.3 per thousand population. Twenty years earlier, the corresponding figure, 9.0 per thousand, was almost 25 per cent higher.

I do not mean to suggest that there is no room for further improvement. But if critics want to be honest with the American people, they ought to present the whole picture—including the undeniable evidence of substantial and continuing improvement, in some cases very rapid improvement—and not merely carefully selected international comparisons, the relevance or validity of which is dubious. It should be added, moreover, that the gains, i.e., the reductions, in American infant mortality and overall mortality rates have been shared by whites and nonwhites of both sexes.

A second frequent complaint is about shortages of doctors, sometimes more generally of all health manpower and womanpower. Along with this grievance often goes the more or less explicit charge that the American Medical Association has been choking off the supply of doctors, presumably to increase its members' monopolistic power.

Nobody can deny that there are shortages of doctors in some places and that the worst problems are encountered in urban slums and remote rural communities. But the United States as a whole has one of the highest ratios of physicians to population in the entire world. Between 1950 and 1970 the number of M.D.s in this country increased almost 50 per cent, or substantially more than the roughly one-third population increase in the same period. Moreover, the country's rate of physician production is mounting rapidly as old medical schools expand enrollments, new medical schools begin operating, and some medical schools cut the period for M.D. training from four to three, or even two, years. In September 1971, according to an estimate by the Association of American Medical Colleges, 12,500 new medical students will begin their studies, about 40 per cent more than the number of freshmen enrolled as recently as 1965.

The net increase of between 35,000 and 40,000 doctors in this country just since 1965 makes a mockery of the charge that the AMA or any other or-



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*"It is strange that the enthusiasts for more 'system' in medicine have not learned anything from the debacle of the nation's public school system."*

ganization is attempting to preserve some sort of monopoly. The real problems are different, and they have at least three roots. One is the trend toward specialist care and away from general practice, a trend born both of the economic advantages of being a specialist and of the increasing volume and complexity of medical knowledge. A second factor is the understandable desire of many physicians to live and practice where it is most advantageous and pleasant for them to do so, rather than in surroundings of poverty or of professional isolation; physicians are abundant on Manhattan's fashionable East Side and in affluent Westchester County, but very scarce in Bedford-Stuyvesant and the East Bronx. Finally, there has been a tremendous upsurge in the demand for physicians' services born of the Medicare and Medicaid revolutions of the mid-1960s, which lowered the economic barriers to medical care for millions without immediately doing anything to compensate for the provision of this care.

Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that in recent years more Americans have been receiving more—and usually better—medical care than ever before in the nation's history. But this is hardly the situation that the term "health care crisis" brings to mind or is intended to bring to mind.

A third complaint is the rapid rise in the nation's total medical bill. Here is the way the Nixon administration's recent White Paper on medical care put the indictment:

> In fiscal year 1970, the nation spent $67-billion on health, nearly three-fifths again as much as had been spent only four years earlier. While undoubtedly there were improvements in the quality of care for at least some of the population, more than 75 per cent of the increase in expenditures for hospital care and nearly 70 per cent of the increase for physician services were the consequence of inflation.

Put this way, of course, there is a strong implication of gouging, of conscienceless profiteering at the expense of the sick. But every American knows that the last four or five years have been a period of rapid *general* inflation, of substantial rises in prices and wages throughout the economy. Between 1967 and 1970, for example, the consumer price index shows that physicians' fees rose an average of 21.4 per cent, or almost exactly the same percentage by which average hourly earnings of workers on private non-agricultural payrolls increased over the same period. Between 1967 and 1970, the consumer price index reports, the average price of a semi-private hospital room rose 45.4 per cent. Hospitals, of course, are very labor-intensive institutions, and before Medicare and Medicaid many of their personnel—interns, residents, and housekeeping workers, many of the last being from minority groups—received very low wages. These last mentioned groups have particularly benefited from above-average wage raises in recent years, a circumstance that hardly makes such formerly disadvantaged workers economic criminals.

There should be no illusions in this area. Proper care of the sick—particularly of the elderly, who make up such a disproportionately high percentage of the seriously ill—is and always will be a very expensive proposition. There are, of course, inefficiencies in the existing medical-care mechanism that add to costs, but it is a delusion to think that the physically ill or the emotionally disturbed can be handled satisfactorily and humanely in ways that will compare in efficiency and cost effectiveness with the assembly-line techniques Detroit uses to build automobiles. Certainly the nation does not want the high percentage of error and neglect in its health care that car buyers find in their new vehicles.

Yet, it is essentially assembly-line medicine provided by collectivized physicians that the critics suggest to meet the "health care crisis." The road to medical utopia, many voices now tell us, is to be found by general acceptance of prepaid group practice arrangements ("health maintenance organizations," in Nixon administration jargon) on the model of the Kaiser-Permanente groups along the West Coast. Such prescriptions are natural if one believes this country is now in a health care crisis, which derives from the clichés the critics employ to describe present American medicine. They hold that it is "a cottage industry" consisting of "solo practitioners" working on a "fee-for-service basis" in a "non-system." Simply inverting these terms produces the notion that what is needed is a mass-production medical industry staffed by teams of doctors working independently of payment in a highly organized system.

This description of the present situation is grossly oversimplified. American medicine today is highly pluralistic. Millions of Americans have completely socialized medicine; for example, those in the armed forces and in Veterans Administration hospitals. Several million others belong to prepaid group practice organizations, and additional millions look to hospital emergency rooms, out-patient clinics, and the like for their primary medical care. Medicare, Medicaid, and private medical insurance, including Blue Cross, have revolutionized the economics of medical care in recent years. In short, the stereotype of the sick American going to the isolated physician and digging into his pocket for the $10 or $15 fee covers only a portion of the reality. And, except in remote areas, no physician is really isolated since any good doctor is part of an informal system that includes him, the specialists he refers patients to when specialists are needed, and the hospital or hospitals he sends his patients to when necessary. And it is a strange cottage industry indeed that includes such institutions as New York City's Presbyterian Hospital, Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital, and similar large hospitals all over the country.

The existing pluralistic system provides choices for both physicians and patients. In such large communities as New York City, San Francisco, and Denver there is competition between private physicians and group practice organizations, as well as, of course, among the private physicians themselves. And where one uses private practitioners, the fact that the doctor collects a fee gives him an economic interest in satisfying the patient—not a bad motive however much the idealists might wish that doctors, unlike all other human beings, had no sense of self-interest. And the fee acts as a partial barrier to excessive calls on the doctor's service, a restraint against running for help for every vague pain. Moreover, a system in which the doctor's income is proportionate to how many patients he sees encourages physicians to work hard. Many doctors today work sixty or more hours weekly.

Of course, insofar as American medi



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cine is still a cottage industry based on a one-to-one relation between a family doctor and a patient, it has much to recommend it. Since most ailments are self-limiting, they can be handled adequately even by a "solo practitioner," especially if, as is normal, he has access to laboratory and X-ray facilities. A family doctor—and there are still many of them around—gets to know his patients as human beings and is able to provide what is probably the most frequent positive outcome of the patient-physician encounter: reassurance and psychological support. A large fraction of people who go to doctors have no objectively detectable illness and really want psychiatric aid, which comes more effectively from a man or woman the patient knows than from some impersonal stranger. And for many frightened persons, reassurance is far more effective if it comes from a full-fledged M.D. than from a physician's assistant, a nurse, or some other person with less training than a physician has.

Private medicine also has flaws, of course, and is sometimes abused, as any human arrangement tends to be. Unscrupulous doctors can keep a patient coming back more times than necessary in order to collect more fees. But the fact that most doctors are busy probably minimizes this type of abuse. Some observers have charged that there is a fair amount of unnecessary surgery in some areas, a possibility that cannot be dismissed. Some surgeons have complained that general practitioners often perform surgery they are really not qualified to undertake, sometimes with terrible and even fatal results. A growing problem in private office and hospital practice is the plague of malpractice suits, which is adding substantially to the cost of medical care. Physicians, increasingly fearful they may be sued, are practicing "defensive medicine," prescribing more laboratory tests, more X-rays, and more specialist consultations than are often necessary in order to be sure they have an adequate defense if a disgruntled patient sues. But the same problem will exist with any type of medical system until the whole malpractice situation is radically changed.

There could be no quarrel with advocates of prepaid group practice systems if these advocates simply urged the elimination of existing legal barriers to such arrangements and limited public subsidy to help meet initial costs of setting up such groups. Kaiser-Permanente and similar organizations have shown that group practice is one feasible way to organize medical care, with attractions for some physicians and for some consumers. Physicians get reasonable salaries, freedom from the entrepreneurial and other woes of private practice, regular hours, and the aid of other physicians and ancillary medical workers. Patients have a fixed or semi-fixed medical cost, for which they can budget in advance, and a source of medical care available at any hour and on any day. Competing with private physicians, group practices can put economic curbs on private doctors' fees and force the private practitioners to make their own informal or formal arrangements to ensure that patients can get a doctor at 3 a.m. on a Fourth of July and on other occasions when most people are sleeping or on holiday.

But the zealous advocates of revolutionary change in American medical care go far beyond such modest and realistic claims. They see group practice or health maintenance organizations as wonder-working systems that can provide better care for lower costs while simultaneously ensuring that the population enjoys better health than ever before. It is these expectations that explain the intensity of the more extreme propagandists for universal health insurance and compulsory group practice.

However, the evidence presented for these claims is very thin, particularly since group practice in the United States has historically been limited to special groups, while what is advocated by the extremists is extension of this mode of health care delivery to the entire population.

How, for example, can group practice improve the nation's health if medical science knows so little about the causes of the degenerative and hereditary diseases that cause so much illness? And what is there about group practice that will enable it to stop smoking, overeating, lack of exercise, reckless driving, heroin addiction, alcoholism, poverty, inheritance of genetic defects, and other individual or social causes of sickness and death?

Some people argue that the end of direct financial cost for medical care

*(Continued on page 55)*

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# THREE POEMS

by ANNE SEXTON

## For Mr. Death Who Stands With His Door Open

Time grows dim. Time that was so long
grows short, time, all goggle-eyed,
wiggling her skirts, singing her torch song,
giving the boys a buzz and a ride,
that Nazi mama with her beer and sauerkraut.
Time, old gal of mine, will soon dim out.

May I say how young she was back then,
playing piggley-witch and hoola-hoop,
dancing the jango with six awful men,
letting the chickens out of the coop,
promising to marry Jack and Jerome,
and never bothering, never, never,
to come back home.

Time was when time had time enough
and the sea washed me daily in its delicate brine.
There is no terror when you swim in the buff
or speed up the boat and hang out a line.
Time was when I could hiccup and hold my breath
and not in that instant meet Mr. Death.

Mr. Death, you actor, you have many masks.
Once you were sleek, a kind of Valentino
with my father's bathtub gin in your flask.
With my cinched-in waist and my dumb vertigo
at the crook of your long white arm,
and yet you never bent me back, never, never,
into your blackguard charm.

Next, Mr. Death, you held out the bait
during my first decline, as they say,
telling that suicide baby to celebrate
her own going in her own puppet play.
I went out popping pills and crying adieu
in my own death camp with my own litle Jew.

Now your beer belly hangs out like Fatso.
You are popping your buttons and expelling gas.
How can I lie down with you, my comical beau,
when you are so middle-aged and lower-class?
Yet you'll press me down in your envelope;
pressed as neat as a butterfly, forever, forever,
beside Mussolini and the Pope.

Mr. Death, when you came to the ovens it was short
and to the drowning man you were likewise kind,
and nicest of all to the baby I had to abort
and middling you were to all the crucified combined.
But when it comes to my death let it be slow,
let it be pantomime, this last peep show,
so that I may squat at the edge trying on
my black necessary trousseau.



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# The Doctor of the Heart

Take away your knowledge, Doktor.
It doesn't butter me up.

You say my heart is *sick unto.*
You ought to have more respect!

You with the goo on the suction cup.
You with your wires and electrodes

fastened at my ankle and wrist,
sucking up the biological breast.

You with your zigzag machine
playing like the stock market up and down.

Give me the Phi Beta key you always twirl
and I will make a gold crown for my molar.

I will take a slug if you please
and make myself a perfectly good appendix.

Give me a fingernail for an eyeglass.
The world was milky all along.

I will take an iron and press out
my slipped disc until it is flat.

But take away my mother's carcinoma
for I have only one cup of foetus tears.

Take away my father's cerebral hemorrhage
for I have only a jigger of blood in my hand.

Take away my sister's broken neck
for I have only my schoolroom ruler for a cure.

Is there such a device for my heart?
I have only a gimmick called magic fingers.

Let me dilate like a bad debt.
Here is a sponge. I can squeeze it myself.

O heart, amphora red heart,
beat like a rock guitar.

I am at the ship's prow.
I am no longer the suicide

with her raft and paddle.
Herr Doktor! I'll no longer die

to spite you, you wallowing
seasick grounded man.

# The Ambition Bird

So it has come to this—
insomnia at 3:15 a.m.,
the clock tolling its engine

like a frog following
a sundial yet having an electric
seizure at the quarter-hour.

The business of words keeps me awake.
I am drinking cocoa,
that warm brown mama.

I would like a simple life,
yet all night I am laying
poems away in a long box.

It is my immortality box,
my lay-a-way-plan,
my coffin.

All night dark wings
flapping in my heart.
Each an ambition bird.

The bird wants to be dropped from
a high place like Tallahatchee Bridge.

He wants to light a kitchen match
and immolate himself.

He wants to fly into the hand of
Michelangelo
and come out painted on a ceiling.

He wants to pierce the hornets' nest
and come out with a long God-head.

He wants to take bread and wine
and bring forth a man happily floating
in the Caribbean.

He wants to be pressed out like a key
so he can unlock the Magi.

He wants to take leave among strangers
passing out bits of his heart like
hors d'oeuvres.

He wants to die changing his clothes
and bolt for the sun like a diamond.

He wants, I want.
Dear God, wouldn't it be
good enough to just drink cocoa?

I must get a new bird
and a new immortality box.
There is folly enough inside this one.



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*Saturday Review*

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# Lunar Meditations

No one can accuse man of misrepresenting or disguising himself on his lunar expeditions. Despite the massive space suits and accompanying impedimenta, he has fully revealed himself. He has dramatized his valor, his ingenuity, and the majesty of his scientific intelligence. He has also displayed his values, both exalted and puny, and his capacity to generate ironies.

It was almost inevitable that modern man would not be content until he could take an automobile with him to the moon. Wheels for humans are more than artifacts; they are a philosophy and way of life. Yet man's inability to design a workable and reliable transportation system on earth, despite the prevalence of wheels, prevented millions of Americans from getting home in time to see the television spectacle of men driving a Rover on the moon. The earthlings were stalled in the usual weekend traffic snarls on super-highways and were less mobile than astronauts riding over the pocked and lumpy landscape of the lunar surface. Billions are spent to facilitate the transport of a few men in space, but there are as yet only inadequate resources or ideas for moving humans from one part of a city to another on the planet earth.

We worship measurement but shun meditation. We went to the moon with an exotic assortment of instruments and high-powered drills. But the most valuable thing a journey to the moon has to offer us is an enriched perspective of the human condition on earth. Perspective sharpens with meditation. We were able to eavesdrop as the moon men received their running fire of instructions from their earthling superiors ("Ok, now, turn the drill ninety degrees. . . . Ok, now, breathe rhythmically for a couple of minutes"). But one kept waiting for Mission Control to give the astronauts authorization to think: "Ok, men, time now for reflection. Tell us something about the loneliness of outer space, about the rarity of life in the universe, and whether all our problems of war, pollution, and race prejudice make sense to you from your vantage point on the moon."

It's a remarkable feat to gather the on-location data that can enable us to estimate the age of the moon. But what should concern us most of all is not whether the moon has lived for 10.4 or 10.5 billions of years but how long the earth can be kept habitable for human life. The question of human destiny is no less pertinent than the origin of the moon. The question requires perspective. And nothing the astronauts can do on the moon would be as valuable as the contemplation of man's folly in approaching his problems on earth. To be able to see this planet from the outside; to be able to view it in relationship to other bodies in space; to be able to scan the universe and reflect on the miracle of life—this could be the supreme justification for the billions of dollars involved in putting man and his automobile on the moon.

Perspective can help us not just to ponder ironies but to cope with them. It is a spectacular feat of intelligence to listen to a man's heartbeat on the moon and to be able to calibrate the precise amount of strain it is under; but what about the hearts of men at home? Are we fully tuned in to the human heart on earth? How much unnecessary heartbreak is caused because the earth has yet to be made into a fit habitat for most of its humans? The men on the moon are outfitted in ponderous and complicated space suits that serve as composite environment centers. But millions of earth-dwellers lack enough cloth or wool to cover their bodies against the earth's cold. Do they not have any claim on the commitments of the vast national organizations into which men have divided themselves?

No one is saying that before men meet great challenges in space they should be required to solve all their problems on earth. But men must be judged by the challenges they define for themselves. So far, they have attached more importance to the challenge of adventure than to the challenge of compassion, more importance to the challenge of technological grandeur than the challenge of human growth, more importance to the challenge of war than the challenge of peace, more importance to the challenge of productivity than the challenge of perspective, more importance to the challenge of the scientific intelligence than the human spirit.

The men who went to the moon did not go as representatives of a common humanity. By act of Congress they were there as representatives of a national sovereignty. So that no one in the universe could possibly make a mistake about their origin, they were ordered by law to plant their flag on the moon. Thus they symbolized the identification that compartmentalized them on earth and made their membership in a national state more important than membership in the human species. They carried to the moon a dead weight that not even lunar gravitation could lighten—the evidence of man's persistent tribalism and his fatal inability to recognize a prior allegiance to the family of man. The result of the compartmentalization of body and spirit is that he is in genuine danger of making the earth far more desolate and uninhabitable than the moon.

Perspective continues to be man's greatest shortage, just as his ironies continue to be his most abundant product. But both perspective and the essential scrutiny of irony are philosophical undertakings. If our schools are to be successful in educating for the Space Age, the curriculum will have to place even higher value on thought and the significance of things than on the harnessing of power for journeys beyond the earth.

—N.C.



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# Letters to the Editor

### Revolution: True or False?

THE PREVIEW EXCERPTS from Jean-François Revel's forthcoming book *Without Marx or Jesus: The New American Revolution Has Begun* [*SR*, July 24] were interesting but not nearly as inflammatory as his title might lead one to believe. Basically, [M. Revel's observations] amount to a complimentary commentary on the workability of the American system. This is all well and good, but I object to Revel's misleading use of the word "revolution." The word he wants, I suggest, is "evolution." He is not talking about social upheavals, violent outbursts, convulsive change, or any other phenomenon usually connoted by the word "revolution." Above all, he is not talking about replacing one system with another. Rather, he writes in praise of a social structure that is responsive to new needs and the intimations of creative reason; he writes, that is to say, in praise of the Establishment.

BERNARD MURCHLAND,
Department of Philosophy,
Ohio Wesleyan University,
Delaware, O.

PERHAPS the picture of the United States presented in the excerpts [from Jean-François Revel's book] is acceptable to a Frenchman with no firsthand knowledge, but to a native it does not ring true. As a student resident in Berkeley and a sometime citizen of "Woodstock nation," I feel qualified to challenge M. Revel's assertions regarding the revolutionary potential of the inhabitants of both regions. I fear that his optimism is unwarranted and deceptive. Neither the university students, at Berkeley or elsewhere, nor the myriad pop-culture enthusiasts of this country will ever bring about the revolution he seeks. But his most basic error of perception, and his most tragic, is his belief that there is a unified anti-Establishment movement in this country, or even that there is a common underlying motivation for all the various "revolutionary" groups in America today. Unfortunately, nothing is further from the truth; there is no unity, above or below the surface, and so I for one see no revolution in our future.

HENRY THOMPSON, JR.,
Hancock Point, Me.

THE EXCERPTS from Jean-François Revel's book are indeed provocative, exciting, and, to me, realistic and hopeful. I think he commented on the inevitability of world government if our species is to survive on this planet. It is interesting to note that the Committee for Economic Development, as quoted in Roland Gelatt's editorial "Business and the Revolution," in the same issue, takes a less encompassing view.

Surprising though it may be that the CED recommends governmental regulation of entire industries, at least in the area of pollution control, their statement is by no means sufficient. It is gratifying to see these heads of corporate giants widening their perspectives in view of the waves of social unrest. But their perspectives cannot be *national*; pollution is a problem of the planet, not just of the United States.

Pollution and population problems are a real threat to mankind. Perhaps the reality of these threats can serve as the impetus toward true world government, a government by necessity, not choice. For the CED to adopt such a philosophy, a revolution in values certainly must take place.

DUANE D. OLSON,
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

### In a Stink

I WAS DISTRESSED by John Ciardi's recent account of his son's skunk-trapping activities [MANNER OF SPEAKING, July 24]. When more people than ever before are concerned with the survival of the fellow creatures that share our planet, I just don't see this event as "humorous." Nor do I understand the necessity of such trapping. The Ciardis surely don't need to catch their own food.

I'm most saddened that a sensitive poet is so insensitive to the lives of animals smaller than himself. My reaction is: Hurray for the skunk! I hope he got free.

BETTY BOEGEHOLD,
New York, N.Y.

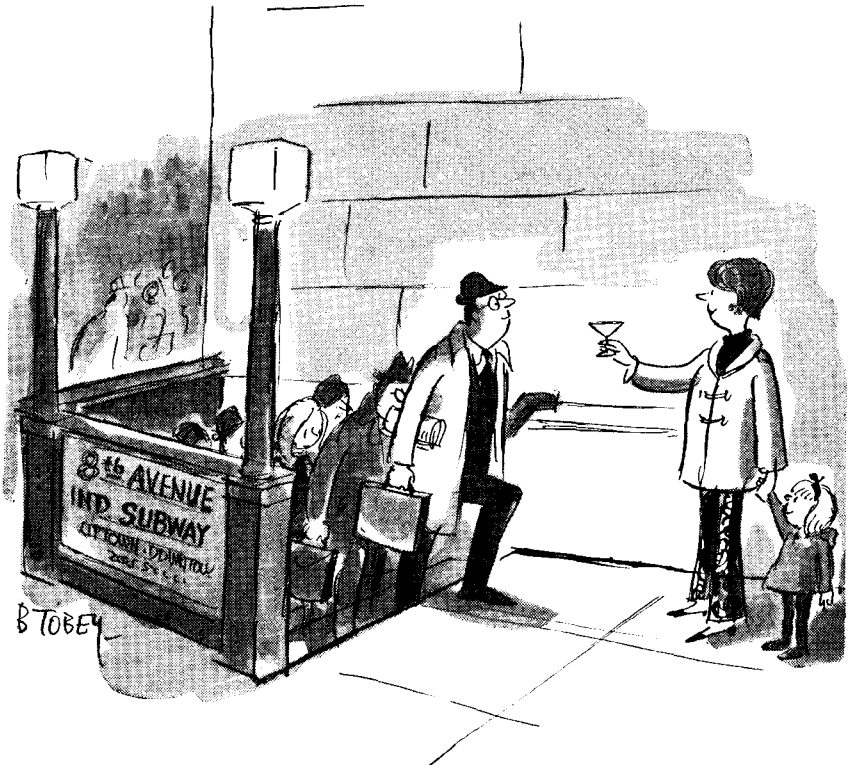
### On "Love Story"

THE CRITICS have been wrong about *Love Story* and the tears shed over both the movie and the novel. Would it seem startling to say that *The New Yorker*'s estimate of "maudlin" may be due to Andover's having given up the so-called classics during World War II and Harvard's having set a similar example in American education?

*Love Story* is considered a *Romeo and Juliet* account of two young persons "star-crossed." But this story was written by a classics scholar at Yale, who knows tragedy as defined way back when Aristotle said it should cause *katharsis*, a mixture of "pity and terror"—or compassion and awe—that cleanses and renews the human spirit. The love story here is not between a girl and a boy, but between a son and his father, and centers on the instinctive efforts of an innocent person to bring them together, with no success, except—possibly—by her death. The author brought about tragedy; therefore, no one weeps over the two young lovers, but rather over his own inadequacies, over the way, perhaps, in which he has treated his own parents and neighbors, and over a rising desire to amount to more as a person from now on. The result is not sentimental, but elemental. The extent to which the popular reaction to *Love Story* is misunderstood may be a correct estimate of the reason why we find ourselves in confusion nowadays in education, politics, etc. Education is only by number or by letter, as Robert Frost so well said. We have long neglected the letter for the number, and we have our reward. . . .

Although *Love Story* is not great, there is greatness in it despite all its weaknesses, because it proves (a matter of wonder and hope) that representation of tragedy still works, in the Aristotelian sense, toward dignity, even if the people—including the critics—have misplaced the one true cause for tears.

ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ,
Wellesley, Mass.



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# Manner of Speaking

*John Ciardi*

## Truth in Packaging

I. WARNING TO APPEAR ON ALL MENUS: Your waiter is fully automated but sometimes comes unplugged. If he does not respond to your arm-waving within thirty minutes, please locate the electric cord wired into his left leg, trace it back to the wall outlet, and reinsert the plug in the socket. Allow time for the mechanism to warm up.

Should you find, after tracing the cord to the wall outlet, that the plug is properly inserted in the socket, you may conclude that the malfunction is at some other point in the system.

In that case, we suggest you trace the cord attached to the headwaiter. If he turns out to be a dead end (as is likely), you may try tracing the manager. It is only fair to warn you, however, that various public and private agencies have been trying to trace him for years with no results.

May we remind our more faithful customers that emergency rations of assorted sandwiches, hot coffee, and cold drinks are available from the vending machines near the hat-check concession. The delay may not be as long as you suppose. Relax, nourish yourself, order another drink if possible—especially if you have managed to order a first one—and be sure that service will eventually be restored.

*Bon appétit!*

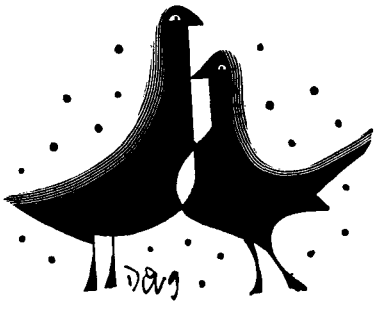
P.S. The hat-check girls are not automated and their wiring is not to be checked without their express permission, which is not granted during business hours.

II. LIMITS OF LIABILITY (TO APPEAR ON THE BACK OF ALL MARRIAGE LICENSES): This license is issued in accordance with all applicable provisions of state, county, and municipal statutes and ordinances, the text of which will be supplied upon written request to issuing agency, and is valid only jointly, only for the two persons named and described on its face (subject to the truth of the statements made thereon), and entitles said joint-issuees to a single matrimonial conjunction to be performed within the time limits specified and subject to payment of stated fees.

The issuing agency disclaims all liability for the accuracy of the physical description of the joint-issuees. Should one or both of said joint-issuees, upon examining the other more closely following the conjunction herein authorized, find said joint-issuee to be other than as hereon described, the issuing agency can accept no responsibility other than to suggest complainant reclose his/her eyes.

The issuing agency disclaims all liability for claims arising from the malfunction or defunction of the marriage hereby authorized, or for damages suffered in begetting any issue, mortgage, debt, or other encumbrance, or social or emotional grievance arising as a consequence of said conjunction, together with court costs, attorneys' fees, and/or property settlements consequent to the disjunction of said conjunction.

All elected and/or appointed officials of the issuing political subdivision hereon noted take this opportunity to felicitate the said joint-issuees upon entering into the blessings of matrimony.



III. NOTICE TO BE POSTED BEHIND CAB DRIVER: The driver of this cab has completed a course in ADVANCED CONVERSATION and is hereby so certified by THE GABAWAY INSTITUTE OF CONVERSATION.

He is, however, excitable and apt to be carried away by his own conversational ability. Therefore, in the interest of your comfort and of traffic safety, he is forbidden to enter into conversation with passengers.

In order to give you the full benefit of his conversational ability without creating a traffic hazard, he has taped a number of his outstanding conversations. For your greater riding pleasure, please insert 25 cents U.S. and punch the conversation of your choice. (Canadian coins will not operate mechanism, and there is no coin return chute.)

1) What to do about New York traffic.
2) What to do about pollution.
3) What to do about inflation.
4) What to do about the ghettos.
5) The romance of the weather.
6) The romance of matrimony.
7) A slight case of mother-in-law.
8) A concise analysis of City Hall.
9) Remarks on long hair.
10) Why cops hate cab drivers.
11) Why everything is worse than it used to be.
12) Crime on the streets.
13) On having to drive to airports when you want to go off duty.
14) Guest-starring Spiro Agnew.
15) Miscellaneous aphorisms.

For your continuing enjoyment, your favorite conversations are also available for cassette playing. Address inquiries to driver on reaching destination.

Sit back, relax, stay braced against the possibility of wild swerves and sudden stops, and enjoy your ride.

*Have a good day today!*

FOREBODING: I lectured at Texas A&M not long ago and roomed in the Memorial Student Center. My suite was spacious, airy, and comfortable, the service good, and my reception cordial, but every time I used the elevator, as I did many times in the course of a busy day, I found myself pondering a sign above the control buttons:

IF
ELEVATOR
STOPS
AND YOU
CANNOT EXIT,
RING
ALARM BELL
OFTEN
UNTIL HELP
ARRIVES.

I had enough faith in the mechanisms of Texas to keep using the elevator, though my suite was only two flights up and walking might have been a bit faster than riding, but something about that sign kept drawing me back. As a good poem does, it gave me a sense that something about the human condition had been identified and put in place. In my head I keep finding that sign again, and there it reads:

IF
THE WORLD
STOPS
AND YOU
CANNOT EXIT,
PRESS
ALARM BUTTON
OFTEN
UNTIL POWER
FAILS.

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# IBSEN
# The Shy Giant

by EVA LE GALLIENNE

**IBSEN:**
**A Biography**

**by Michael Meyer**

Doubleday, 865 pp., $12.95

**IBSEN:**
**A Portrait of the Artist**

**by Hans Heiberg**
**translated from the Norwegian**
**by Joan Tate**

University of Miami Press, 313 pp., $10

Henrik Ibsen is once more in fashion. With *A Doll's House* and *Hedda Gabler* current successes on Broadway, *An Enemy of the People* recently presented at Lincoln Center—unfortunately, in Arthur Miller's totally unnecessary adaptation—and now two new biographies, this angry old man of 143 is doing pretty well! He would be pleased though not surprised.

One of the biographies—Michael Meyer's—is very, very long; the other, by Hans Heiberg, very short. In England Mr. Meyer's book was mercifully published in three volumes—it falls quite naturally into three separate parts—and one wishes Doubleday had followed this example. These huge tomes are difficult to handle. With Samuel Eliot Morison's fascinating *Oxford History of the American People* I solved the problem by removing the binding and cutting the book in two. I then had the separate halves bound, making two nice handy volumes. I offer this as a suggestion to anyone wishing to enjoy Mr. Meyer's study more comfortably.

Not since Halvdan Koht's excellent *Life of Ibsen*, published by Norton in 1931, have we had a full-scale biography of Ibsen. I think one may safely call Mr. Meyer's a super-scale biography. He has neglected nothing that might serve to reveal what made the great man tick. No speck of dust has been left unturned, no smallest heap of mud unexplored. No matter how readily they admit the greatness of their subjects, biographers today seem to feel it their duty to expose and give undue importance to the tiniest human foibles, thereby proving that the people they portray are really no better than the rest of us. Mr. Meyer states that Halvdan Koht "was inclined to reject, sometimes rather high-handedly, anything that redounded to his old master's discredit." Yet Koht makes no secret of Ibsen's illegitimate son, of his drinking bouts, of his pettiness in refusing to acknowledge the slightest external influence on his work, and his childish eagerness for decorations. He does not hold Ibsen up as a hero but, in keeping with the period in which he wrote, he believes the virtues of the artist are more important than the flaws of the man. It was a more reticent world in which he wrote. In 1971 reticence has ceased to exist. Proclivities that in an ordinary human being would pass almost unnoticed, in the case of a great man are given deep Freudian meaning. Yet there is nothing necessarily "pathetic" or pathological or indeed unusual for aging men to be attracted to young girls—as was Ibsen. And really nothing so extraordinary about his loving decorations—even today people like such honors. Nor is there anything particularly abnormal in the dislike of a shy man for showing what used to be called in a politer age his "privates" to his doctor.

Apart from these few reservations, I

EVA LE GALLIENNE, who has received many medals and awards for her performances in the theater, was decorated in 1961 by the King of Norway with the Cross of the Royal Order of St. Olaf for her English translations of Ibsen.

# SR: BOOKS

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have nothing but the deepest admiration for Mr. Meyer's achievement. Excellent illustrations and a superb, and superlatively helpful, index enhance his work. It will undoubtedly be considered the definitive Ibsen biography —and deservedly so.

That Ibsen was a difficult child, a difficult youth, a difficult man—shy, tormented, violent, buttoned-up—is well known. Mr. Meyer, however, has included less familiar descriptions that stress the high spirits, the "bubbling humor," the sardonic wit of the young Ibsen. What emerges most strongly is the playwright's immense vitality. His was a fantastically complex nature. No matter how staid and correct he outwardly became, his "shy soul" never ceased to be a battleground for trolls.

What a success story this is! A boy forced to earn his living when he was barely sixteen, ill-clad, ill-fed, poorly educated, sustained only by an unshakable singleness of purpose—and destined to be the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare. In Mr. Meyer's vivid pictures we see the child in Skien playing with his puppet theater ("It cost a half-penny to attend the performance."); the indefatigable young worker in Grimstad ("By stinting himself of sleep, he managed to pack far more into each twenty-four hours than most youths of his age."); the green, insecure young director in Bergen, who went about "wrapped in a great cloak, and if one approached him he shrank back and hid himself like a snail in its shell." Yet "those who dismissed him as insignificant had never seen his eyes. They could catch fire and throw a glance that pierced you, so that you remembered it long afterwards."

Mr. Meyer wisely emphasizes the importance to Ibsen's future as a playwright of his work as co-director of the Bergen Theater, where he remained for six years "learning the alphabet of his craft," and as director of the Norwegian Theater in Christiania the following five difficult years. Except for Shakespeare and Molière no dramatist in modern times has had such invaluable training.

Even in those early Bergen days Ibsen's instinct was to smash established patterns, to eliminate the artificial staging customary at that period, especially in the provincial theaters of Norway. He was already "in league with the future," to use one of his own expressions. His prompt-scripts (which I have held up as examples of clarity and thoroughness to various stage-managers) show a distinct effort to get away from the usual semicircle of actors "facing front" and speaking their lines directly to the audience. One critic remarked that Ibsen's actors actually "turn towards each other when conversing." Although Ibsen had visited Copenhagen, Berlin, Dresden, and Hamburg, where he undoubtedly saw many productions that widened his horizons, much of this work must simply have corroborated his own conviction that the theater had more to offer than inane "vaudevilles" and French farces, and that acting need not consist in posing, grimacing, and bellowing but was capable of beauty, simplicity, and truth.

According to Peter Blytt, whom Mr. Meyer quotes extensively, Ibsen ". . . manifested a certain helplessness, and appeared embarrassed when forced directly to address any actor or, worse still, actress, in order to rebuke or even to correct them. . . ." But, he adds, ". . . when he did intervene his comments were perceptive, illuminating and to the point. His suggestions were brief, clear, precise and helpful." This same economical lucidity is apparent many years later in Ibsen's instructions about a production of *The Wild Duck*.

After many failures Ibsen, at the age of twenty-eight, experienced a badly needed success when *The Feast at Solhaug* was performed at the Bergen Theater. Mr. Meyer describes it as the worst play Ibsen ever wrote and comments on the bad taste of the Bergen audience in applauding it. I agree. But the importance of this triumph cannot be exaggerated: through it he met Suzannah Thoresen, who became his wife in 1858.

One wonders why Mr. Meyer insists that though theirs was "a profound and lasting kind of love . . . it was not, and never had been, romantic love." According to most biographers, Ibsen fell madly in love with Suzannah. Koht says, "Ibsen was aflame with love from the very first meeting." Mr. Meyer himself admits that Ibsen was "immediately attracted to Suzannah," and he mentions the "exquisite love poem," "To the Only One," which he sent her. After forty-two years of marriage Ibsen wrote to Suzannah: "I wish you with all my heart a good and successful trip. I shall at least celebrate the red-letter days 18 and 26 June quietly here." These days were, respectively, their wedding anniversary and Suzannah's birthday. Bergliot Ibsen tells us that before her father-in-law's death, at the age of seventy-eight, the only person Ibsen allowed to give him food was Suzannah. And the nurse heard him say to her: "You have been my guiding star. You were the eagle that showed me the way to the summit."

As a biographer Mr. Meyer is understandably annoyed with her for destroying all of Ibsen's letters and poems. "She was, to the last, the most formidably inflexible of women." But it seems to me quite natural of her to want to prevent strangers from prying into something that had meant so much. "Our relationship," she said, "concerns no one but ourselves." Suzannah had a fanatical faith in Ibsen's genius and felt she had been given a sacred trust to protect it. Just before her death she told Bergliot of the many so-called friends of Ibsen's she had sent away. "I had many unkind words for it, but I didn't care. He had to have peace for his work. Ibsen had no steel in his character," she added, "but I gave it to him."

Step by meticulous step, Mr. Meyer traces Ibsen's development as a man and artist. The years of exile in Rome, Dresden, and Munich; the change in his appearance as his fame grew; the "image" he chose to present to the world, one that was to a great extent an armor to protect his shyness, his extreme vulnerability; Ibsen's return to his native Norway and his last years, when he was known as the "tight-lipped Sphinx"—all are described by Mr. Meyer, buttressed by quotations from myriad sources. Though immensely valuable to a scholar, the general reader might at times find them redundant, even tedious.

Mr. Meyer's comments on Ibsen's work are frequently fascinating and original—for instance, his finding in *The Vikings at Helgeland* the seeds of *Hedda Gabler*. In his exceedingly perceptive analysis of *Peer Gynt* he remarks that "Ibsen was not Freud's darling playwright, and Joyce's, for nothing; he understood, as few of his predecessors did, the power of the subconscious. . . ." Mr. Meyer also points out that this play, like *Brand*, was written with no thought of performance, and therefore the usual limitations of stagecraft are rejected with highly liberating results.

Mr. Meyer rightly says of that "momentous step" when Ibsen abandoned the freedom of poetry for the stricter discipline of prose, "From this action, much as we may regret that *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* were to have no successors, the whole of modern prose drama was to stem." As an actress it is, of course, this phase of Ibsen's work that has concerned me most. What a gallery of women he presents! Nora Helmer, Mrs. Alving, Rebecca West, Ellida Wangel, Hedda Gabler, Hilda Wangel, Rita Allmers, Ella Rentheim, and Irene in that last, and most extraordinary, play of his, *When We Dead Awaken*. Certainly no other playwright has understood women as Ibsen did. People were used to seeing women presented on the stage as either darkly villainous or blondly virtuous, comic or tragic, repulsive or desirable, but with little or no trace of reality. Now, for the first



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**Mrs. Fiske, with George Arliss, in "Hedda Gabler."**

## *Ibsen's Women*

"Here is a man who sees them as they really are;
he never spares them, yet he understands them;
and by focusing on them the light of uncompromising
honesty, he accepts them as man's equal."

**Eva Le Gallienne in
John Gabriel Borkman."**

**Alla Nazimova in "Ghosts."**

**Eleonora Duse in "The Lady from the Sea."**

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time, they were depicted as full human beings, individuals capable of as many contradictions, passions, doubts, fears, joys as men. As Georg Brandes says, they have ". . . a man's seriousness, power of decision, and will." But to most critics Ibsen's women were actively loathsome. Typical of the general opinion is the famous description of them as ". . . without affection, an unlovable, unlovely and detestable crew."

I wrote of Ibsen's women in the preface to my translations of his prose plays: ". . . no wonder they have such appeal to women on both sides of the footlights. Here is a man who sees them as they really are; he never spares them, yet he understands them; and by focusing on them the light of uncompromising honesty, he accepts them as man's equal."

Yet Ibsen clearly stated that he was not a feminist; Women's Lib would have nauseated him. People may point to *A Doll's House* but, as Mr. Meyer correctly says, "*A Doll's House* is no more about women's rights than Shakespeare's *Richard II* is about the divine right of kings. . . . Its theme is the need of every individual to find out the kind of person he or she really is and to strive to become that person." Ibsen's plays are often "remembered by posterity for the wrong reasons," Mr. Meyer observes, giving *A Doll's House, Ghosts,* and *An Enemy of the People* as examples. I made this same point in the above-mentioned preface, and it is true that even today people think of *Ghosts* as a play about syphilis. Such false labels are hard to remove.

Mr. Meyer mentions many of the great actresses connected with these Ibsen heroines—or should we call them "anti-heroines," as he suggests? Elizabeth Robins and Janet Achurch, who introduced his plays in England; Réjane, who first played *A Doll's House* in France; Modjeska, in an unfortunate "arrangement" by Henry Arthur Jones of *A Doll's House*—another instance of a minor playwright presuming to improve on the work of a genius. And then, of course, Duse, who was the first to present his plays in Italy. Mr. Meyer calls her—and how accurately! —Ibsen's finest interpreter and quotes at length James Agate's review of her performance in *The Lady from the Sea* in the London *Sunday Times* of June 10, 1923.

Fortunately, I am old enough to have seen Duse in that play and in *Ghosts*—not once but several times—during her memorable and, alas, final appearance in this country in 1923-24. No words could adequately describe her work. Mr. Meyer says an Ibsen play ". . . demands the kind of acting between the lines of which very few actors then were capable." The word "then" is superfluous: very few actors *are* capable of this kind of acting, and this is one of the main reasons why most performances of Ibsen's plays are so unsatisfactory. But Duse, with the most infinite economy and truth—never has there been an actor capable of such stillness—showed us every thought, every nuance of emotion in Ellida and Mrs. Alving, and made us feel as Ibsen wished his audiences to feel, that we were "listening to something actually happening in real life." How tragic that Ibsen never saw Duse act. He would have known then how great his plays really are.

Though Mr. Meyer lists a few early, and decidedly odd, performances of Ibsen plays in this country, he makes no mention of Richard Mansfield, who toured in *Peer Gynt* in the Nineties, nor of Alla Nazimova, whose productions of *A Doll's House* and *Hedda Gabler* were so successful in the early 1900s that her manager, Lee Shubert, exclaimed, "Madame! As long as you use one set and six characters you can go on playing your Isben as long as you like!" A remark that has gone down in theater history and is perhaps partly responsible for the frequent misspelling of Ibsen's name, even occasionally by those who should know better.

But Mr. Meyer's most astonishing omission is his failure to mention the superb American actress Mrs. Fiske, who did more for Ibsen in the Nineties and early 1900s than anyone else. "There are such limitless depths to be explored," she said in an interview with Alexander Woollcott. "Many a play is like a painted backdrop, something to be looked at from the front. An Ibsen play is like a black forest, something you can *enter*, something you can walk about in. There you can lose yourself: You can lose *yourself*. And once inside, you find such wonderful glades, such beautiful, *sunlit* places."

Mrs. Fiske stressed the complete humanity of Ibsen's plays, giving them pace, vitality, humor. She even dared to refer to *Hedda Gabler* as "that brilliant comedy." Mr. Meyer observes that "Ibsen instinctively knew what Shakespeare and the Greeks knew, and what Brecht was to remind playgoers of, that if you want to make a tragic event really hurt you must precede it with comedy." So often actors and directors betray Ibsen by offering his plays in an atmosphere steeped in unrelieved gloom and at a pace that even a snail would reckon slow. Mrs. Fiske was the first interpreter of Ibsen in this country to change all that.

By the time I ventured to tackle one of Ibsen's plays, as Hilda Wangel in *The Master Builder* for some special matinées in 1925, Ibsen's name was at an all-time low. I could find no manager willing to "risk his shirt" on a production of the play so, with the fanatical faith and zeal of my twenty-six years, I raised the money and produced it myself. To everyone's surprise, it was a huge success and was soon put on for a regular run. A couple of months later I added *John Gabriel Borkman* to my schedule and subsequently took both plays on tour, rotating them in repertory. Everywhere they met with enthusiastic response, and these two Ibsen plays proved to be the cornerstone of the Civic Repertory Theatre, which I started in the fall of 1926. Early in 1928 *Hedda Gabler* was added to our list of plays, which by then included works by Shakespeare, Chekhov, Molière, Goldoni, Sierra, and others. The Civic celebrated the centenary of Ibsen's birth—March 20, 1928—by giving a morning performance of *The Master Builder,* a matinée of *Hedda Gabler,* followed by *John Gabriel Borkman* that same evening, proving that the old Civic was a repertory theater in fact not just in name.

Most of the English-speaking countries were introduced to Ibsen through the standard version of his works by William Archer. But these translations are—particularly from an actor's point of view—quite literally unspeakable. Archer makes Ibsen's dialogue sound like Pinero with a slightly foreign accent. I'm not sure what versions Mrs. Fiske used, but I believe she took the Archer text as a base, giving it a thorough shaking-up to make it sound more human. In my first productions I followed the same plan, but later I decided to make my own translations. Being half Danish I was able to read the plays in the original for, as Mr. Meyer points out, "the written Norwegian language, *Riksmaal*, was virtually indistinguishable from written Danish."

I tried to follow Ibsen's advice to his first American translator, Professor Rasmus B. Anderson of the University of Wisconsin, which Mr. Meyer quotes. Ibsen, Mr. Meyer writes, begged him "to see that 'the language of the translation be kept as close as possible to ordinary everyday speech; all the turns of phrase and expressions which belong only to books should most carefully be avoided in dramatic works, especially mine, which aim to produce in the . . . spectator a feeling that he is

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# Book Forum

*Letters from Readers*

### Rich with Age-old Meaning

In answer to A. F. Gronberg's letter [Book Forum, July 31] about my recently published translations of Gabriela Mistral's poetry [*SR*, July 17], I agree that the word "shreds" is a reasonable way to translate the Spanish *"flecos."* That is why I used just that word in the first line of the very sentence and stanza he mentions, which begins: "The sun crumbled to shreds. . . ." Where the word *"flecos"* appears in the third line of the Spanish I deliberately used the English "flecks" to create a word echo, for I believe that poetry is in part its sound. I also believe that good translation is more than a battery of dictionaries and more than a corresponding sequence of literally equivalent words.

Regarding my translation of *"ligero"* as "light" instead of "swift," anyone acquainted with the regional language of the valley of Elqui and with Gabriela's own personal use of words, knows that hers is not the vocabulary of ordinary use but is rich and resplendent with age-old meaning.

Doris Dana,
Bridgehampton, N.Y.

### Propaganda

Robert Chrisman [*SR*, July 24] clearly made up his mind long ago. Black Panthers are "dedicated, ready, righteous"; whenever arrested and charged with crimes, they are automatically "innocent defendants." White jurors are by nature "not equipped to judge the Black Panthers," and, if they vote "guilty," do so because "possessed by racism." Alex Rackley was killed by Panthers, but that was all right because he "was a paid informant," and any attempt to bring the persons involved to justice must inevitably result in an "unfair mistrial."

I am getting sick and tired of such nonsensical propaganda offered as a substitute for rational thought and analysis.

Peter Meschter,
Philadelphia, Pa.

I disagree with Robert Chrisman's twice-made assertion that "neither the judge nor police nor jury are equipped to pass judgment on a black man . . ." and that "most white Americans . . . were not equipped to judge the Black Panthers or any of their accused leaders." Using Mr. Chrisman's rule that the jury have knowledge of the defendant's social, political, and cultural life, we should also want millionaires to be tried before juries composed of millionaires and dishonest politicians to be tried before juries containing their cronies.

Just as these latter examples make neither common nor legal sense, so does Mr. Chrisman's case fail to stand closer examination. Indeed, the fact that the Panther leaders were not convicted—even if they were not acquitted—belies his contention that any rational albeit prejudiced man cannot decide whether the prosecutor's evidence supports his demand for conviction.

Daniel J. Fink,
Rochester, N.Y.

### Wartime Exile

In Pick of the Paperbacks [*SR*, July 24] Rollene W. Saal writes that "Max Graf was a music critic in Vienna for nearly half a century until his death just before World War II." The fact is that Max Graf spent the war years in the United States, subsequently went back to Europe, and died in Vienna on June 24, 1958, in his eighty-fifth year.

Harry Zohn,
West Newton, Me.

### Legendary Scribble

Marjorie E. Trenor [Book Forum, July 24], defending the literary abilities of some self-taught men, cited Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Lincoln was indeed a marvelous example of a man with no schooling who taught himself to write superbly, but Miss Trenor is quite wrong in saying that his great speech was "scribbled on his way to Gettysburg." It is a myth that he wrote the speech on the train to the ceremonies ("on the back of an envelope" is usually included as part of the legend). The fact is that the speech was painstakingly composed well in advance of the ceremony, and was carefully worked over almost to the moment of delivery.

The man never lived who could scribble off a Gettysburg address.

Richard Hanser,
Larchmont, N.Y.

### Unintelligibility

I consider Hebrew and Yiddish to be beautiful languages to the ear, even when not understood. Yiddish, especially, is so expressive, and Hebrew, in a synagogue, so musical. However, knowing practically nothing of either, I can only guess at meanings when reading books or reviews which use Yiddish words [*SR*, July 17].

Consequently, I should think many others of non-Jewish origin would appreciate either less of it, or interpretation in parentheses, or, better yet, that someone might be enticed to compile a very small dictionary of those Yiddish words and expressions commonly used today in this country, both oral and written.

Elizabeth C. Horvath,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Editor's note: *Although not "a very small" dictionary, "The Joys of Yiddish," by Leo Rosten (McGraw-Hill), accurately and entertainingly defines Yiddish words and expressions in common usage.*

*"... and what's more, you can tell your son it's biodegradable."*



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## ADAM RESURRECTED

**by Yoram Kaniuk**
**translated from the Hebrew by Seymour Simckes**

Atheneum, 370 pp., $8.95

*Reviewed by Robert J. Milch*

■ This new novel by the Israeli writer Yoram Kaniuk, author of *The Acrophile* and *Himmo, King of Jerusalem,* is an intense, powerful work of great intellectual sophistication and artistic stature. Although its concern with estrangement and despair has implications for all who feel alienated, the book's particular focus is the "unspeakable trauma" and the "existential sense of self-assertion . . . , a kind of divine and creative madness," which Amos Elon, in *The Israelis,* has described as the principal effects of the Holocaust on the modern Israeli temperament.

According to several of Kaniuk's characters—survivors of Nazi concentration camps—God has been dead, or at least missing, since the beginning of the European mass slaughter. But some continue to hope that He is still alive, and approachable, in the desert where He first revealed himself; that again He will speak there, and introduce a new era of human history. Just as the prophets of the Hebrew Bible were all "weird . . . psychotics," so ". . . out of the lunatics who weep in the night [those driven mad by their suffering] will emerge somebody who will enter a wadi among the rocks and be received by God in friendship and spoken to. And those words . . . they will exchange shall cure him." The syntax is unclear by design: the one to be healed is God's select auditor and, through him, mankind, but also he may be God himself.

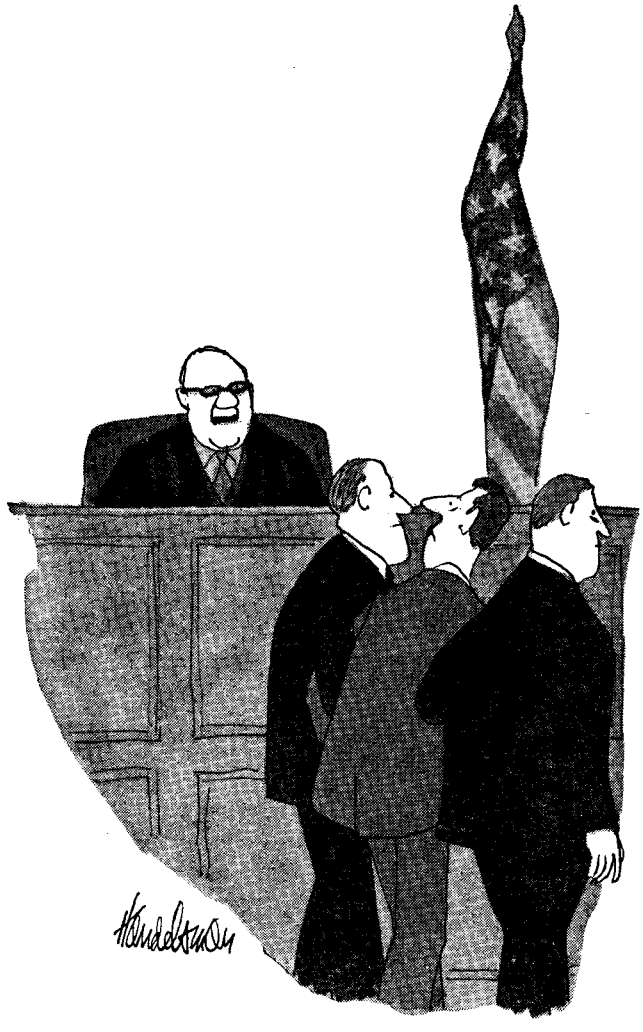
The man whom God finally chooses—or, perhaps more accurately, who finally chooses God—is Adam Stein, a zany swindler and admirer of both Hegel and W. C. Fields. Within a Negev sanitarium for Nazi victims—those best qualified to speak to God having been assembled near His last-known abode—the psychiatric staff and fellow inmates generally regard Stein as the most deranged patient of all. Before the war Germany's most popular circus clown, he has survived a death camp only because the commandant used him to entertain prisoners on their way to the gas chambers, and sometimes kept him leashed, on all fours, as a dog. In postwar Berlin, Stein returns the favor by saving the life of the commandant, who adopts a Jewish name and becomes, to all appearances, a Jew.

One wild, eerie night Stein leads a band of patients into the desert to find God. Ascending a hill alone, he does indeed discover what he is seeking, but God reveals himself in the guise of the commandant and asks Stein to kill him.

" 'I can't do it,' repeats Adam, in a whisper. 'That wouldn't solve anything. Besides, I love you. I know that you're a bastard, but I love you. I'll curse you, yet come to the desert to look for you. We are both lost, we have both perished. Our voices are the voices of ghosts. . . . I won't murder you. I can't, and it's such a shame, such a shame.' "

Almost immediately Adam's "resurrection" begins, and it is perhaps important to note that the name Adam, in Hebrew, is also a generic term for man. Adam forestalls his followers' intense disappointment by telling them that nothing has happened on the hilltop. Then, after curing a small boy who thinks himself a dog, he sheds the remains of his old self by contriving a boisterous, highly successful fraud to raise funds for the future of the child, whom he has named David, King of Israel. His soul no longer riven by the past, Adam is released. "I have recovered and become an ordinary man," he writes. "Sanity is pleasant, calm, amusing, but it lacks greatness, it lacks true joy as well as the awful sorrow which slashes the heart."

The meaning of all this can hardly be touched upon here, but the problems posed by Kaniuk, and the agonized cries emanating from the pages of *Adam Resurrected,* go to the heart of modern man's deepest longings and emotional needs. In some aspects of structure and episodic content this book is a modern counterpart of *Faust, Part II,* though differences between these two works—deep as the gulf separating Goethe's era from our own—are indicated by Adam's sorrowful reflection, early in the novel, that the book *Faust* deserves to be burned. I would hardly call Kaniuk a modern Goethe, but his keen vision is unhesitatingly centered on what history may regard as the most characteristic experience of our unfortunate age, and this is true of few writers today.



*"For heaven's sake, it's not the end of the world! People are sentenced to prison every day."*

*Robert J. Milch has long been a student of Jewish history and literature.*



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## WHERE AM I NOW—WHEN I NEED ME?

**by George Axelrod**

Viking, 177 pp., $5.95

*Reviewed by Haskel Frankel*

■ "My name is Harvey Bernstein. I am forty-six years old. I am a failed writer; author of three novels, two volumes of poetry, and perhaps four hundred book reviews, all of absurd books, reviewed for absurd publications. My stomach hurts in the morning. I have a bottle of vodka hidden in my desk at the office. I am employed as an instructor at THE BEST-SELLING WRITERS SCHOOL in nearby Condon Heights, Connecticut. None of my three novels was best-selling. My two volumes of poetry sold not at all. My four hundred book reviews were all unfavorable."

Add to Harvey's collection of miseries a wife, a son, and a daughter, none of whom add joy to his life, and you have a very good idea of why much of Harvey's narration begins with "This is a suicide note."

Bernstein's work situation isn't much better. His would-be best-selling-writers correspondents include a housewife in the throes of a novel featuring a heroine with a "pulsating virginia," a general who seems to have total recall of a remarkably undistinguished career, and a hairdresser deep into an interminable sonnet celebrating "the Grecian glories of the male body."

Obviously something is needed in Harvey's life. It arrives at his school in the shape of an application and literary aptitude test. The applicant's first name is Cathy. Her last names she makes up as she goes along. Her age is "18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. Choose one." She lists her occupation as model, "which is of course a euphemism." Whatever Cathy is, or is not, last-name-wise, agewise, and workwise, the picture she includes of herself raises no doubts as to what she is sexwise. And before you can say "literary gag," George Axelrod has Harvey and Cathy tearing off in a cross-country romp that leaves much of best-sellerdom and silver-screenland in shambles.

George Axelrod, as you probably remember, had us all laughing several years ago with his plays *The Seven Year Itch* and *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* There were one or two others that we can forget, as well as assorted scenarios. Further, like Harvey, he has written three novels. Though more than a literary spoof, with Mr. Axelrod busily sticking pins into any balloon he passes, his story does not wholly satisfy as a comic fiction. At times its humor seems tacked on, rather than an outgrowth of character and situation. But the effect is funny—and I say that a bit nervously, knowing laughter must be an individual reaction. You break up when I skid on a banana peel and crash to the ground. I do not. Ergo, let me correct myself and say that, to me, *Where Am I Now—When I Need Me?* is hilarious.

As for your feelings—well, do you find it funny that the staffs of Hollywood homes include, along with the expected workers, a best friend? (The real estate agent explains: "All movie stars whose names are household words have Best Friends.") Or how about—never mind how they got there—encountering Cathy and Harvey stark naked, except for one sock and one face towel, in an elevator as the door opens on a formally dressed couple? Cathy immediately asks for $22 and announces: "This is the Elevator Theater, the smallest, dirtiest, most uncomfortable, most expensive Off-off-off Broadway entertainment in town."

At this point I have either turned you on or off Mr. Axelrod's book. On, I hope. If not, I am sorry, and apologize to the author and to his publisher for any readers I may have cost them. I would express regrets for an inability to communicate my pleasure in *Where Am I Now—When I Need Me?* except that I would rather spend my time rereading a few of my favorite scenes.

*Haskel Frankel has covered the New York theater for several years for the National Observer.*

## SEVEN SEASONS

**by Peter Forbath**

Atheneum, 385 pp., $7.95

*Reviewed by Charles Lam Markmann*

■ Peter Forbath, a *Time-Life* correspondent who has covered some forty countries in seven years, spent eighteen months in Prague from Novotny's overthrow through the Russian invasion. His first novel is based on crucial events he reported there. Indeed, a substantial part of the narrative seems derived from material lopped from his dispatches by a perceptive copy editor, to be stuck together later with swatches of narrative and color.

Take one custom-detailed intersexual cunnilingus, one no-options intersexual fellatio, one semistandard female masturbation, two medium pinches of lesbian encounter, one mass rape, a flock of careerists, one almost empty Eastern European synagogue with its shuffling *Schnorrer*, three dozen insurrectionary students, a bewilderingly multiple-crossing secret agent, a dozen time-serving political hacks, a hundred insensitive Russians of all ranks, and a tragic invasion; mince, then stir into premium-grade viscous *Time* prose.

Mr. Forbath's failure serves as an archetypal lesson in the dangers of journalistic standards for aspiring novelists. Fundamentally—and in mechanical fashion—he has reduced to marvelously neat chains of stimulus-words all those fictional elements that might have given his book texture and dimension. At the right time the appropriate scene is pulled out of the morgue and spliced into place. As the story progresses, needed characters are supplied from central casting, given a brief orientation, and shoved into action.

We have met a thousand times, in and out of books, that stock figure Adamek the playwright, who warily avoids issues, always landing on the winning side. Sedlacek, the clever political opportunist, is completely interchangeable with every one of his colleagues since writing and politics were invented. Andrew Chase, the reporter/protagonist, who competes with Adamek for his mistress Karla, springs fully blown from the fiction of *The American Boy*, circa 1925. Karol Silvan (Karla's father), destroyed by a frame-up, is a mechanical toy. Only Trcka, the lightning-switch chief of secret police, has been individualized through the muscular dystrophy that makes his part in the mass rape of Karla especially revolting.

The women are handled no better. They and their uniformly degrading adventures bring into question not only Mr. Forbath's talent but also his notions concerning the rights, duties, and capacities of more than half the human race.

*Seven Seasons* is a dreadful example of the language ineptitude that has entrenched itself in both British and American writing since World War II—the kind of mass communication that relies on the approximation, and shock, of the grunt rather than a discerning, exact use of words. One winces at such juvenilia as "the brazen and inflaming caresses" of feminine hands that "made him know her passion and her hunger, demanding him to feed her astonishing lust"; or, a little farther on, "an approaching terror, which in order to escape he had broken his neck." And even in Old World Prague would a cop really exclaim: "Why, it is none other than Brestansky"? I have never been persuaded that the novel is dead or even dying. But after reading this one I can hardly deny that it is being dishonored.

*Charles Lam Markmann is a journalist, critic, novelist, and translator. His latest book is "The Noblest Cry."*



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**THE WOLF-MAN**

**by the Wolf-Man**
**edited by Muriel Gardiner**

Basic Books, 370 pp., $10

*Reviewed by Paul Roazen*

■ Sigmund Freud was a great writer, crystal clear while being most scientifically original, compelling and persuasive while being most improbable. His powerful sense of the dramatic has attracted sympathizers to his views, but the misleadingly ominous sound of some of his concepts has alienated others. Even in titling his favorite cases he liked to shock, as with the Wolf-Man, his most famous patient. Although the name may evoke the image of a person turning into a wolf, the man in question merely had suffered as a small child from an excessive fear of wolves, about which Freud, who treated him for severe adult incapacities, wrote a case history.

The Wolf-Man, as he came to be known in the psychoanalytic literature, was in treatment with Freud from 1910-1914, after unsuccessful attempts at therapy by others. At this time the patient was a wealthy Russian landowner, but later the Bolshevik Revolution left him impoverished. When the Wolf-Man returned to Vienna in 1919, Freud recommended further analysis, which lasted a few months and was free of charge. Subsequently, adjusting to his financial straits, he took a rather lowly job in a Viennese insurance company. After Freud, the Wolf-Man underwent two more analyses with an American physician in Vienna, Dr. Ruth Mack Brunswick; and since World War II he has been in therapy with two other analysts in Vienna, where he still resides. In addition, he is frequently queried by analysts interested in the early history of Freud's work, and for the last fifteen years one of them has come from abroad for several weeks every summer to conduct daily sessions with him.

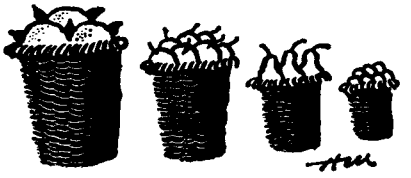
*The Wolf-Man* embodies the patient's autobiographical essays on his childhood and later years; his recollections of Freud; the psychiatrist's famous case history; the supplement to his account by Dr. Brunswick, and Dr. Muriel Gardiner's record of her thirty years' contact with the Wolf-Man. Of this material, some of which has appeared previously in journals, the most interesting is still Freud's own case paper, written on the heels of his battles with Alfred Adler and Carl Jung to reemphasize the significance of the infantile factor in adult neurosis. Regrettably, James Strachey's editorial notes have been omitted.

Freud's dream interpretations are masterful, and his reconstruction of the Wolf-Man's earliest years, if not entirely convincing, at least represents for its day a remarkably daring set of hypotheses. Typically, Freud saw the Wolf-Man as beset by ambivalent feelings toward his father and subsequent father surrogates, holding that his patient's fear of his father, and simultaneous desire for sexual gratification by him, dominated his later life. Freud announced the "final clearing up" of the Wolf-Man's symptoms in 1914, and said that he "parted from him, regarding him as cured." Yet Freud conceded at the time, and this in contrast to the doctrine of some of his later disciples, that with a patient as disturbed as the Wolf-Man "psychoanalytic treatment cannot bring about any instantaneous revolution or put matters upon a level with a normal development: it can only get rid of the obstacles and clear the path, so that the influences of life may be able to further development along better lines."

Ruth Mack Brunswick was one of Freud's most brilliant pupils, although the tragic circumstances surrounding her last years have contributed to her lack of recognition by the general reading public today. An intimate friend and rival of Freud's daughter Anna, she was perhaps the single most important disciple within Freud's circle by 1930. Her case history of the Wolf-Man who, suffering from a paranoid delusion about his nose, was referred to her by Freud in 1926, merits the closest scrutiny. (A draft of a second paper by her about him has not been included in this volume, and is not even referred to editorially.)

Unlike Freud, Dr. Brunswick was a psychiatrist with a special interest in psychosis, and she suggested that perhaps the Wolf-Man's first analysis with Freud had "robbed him of the usual neurotic modes of solution," thereby activating more primitive mechanisms. His loss of equilibrium in the mid-1920s had been triggered, she felt, by Freud's becoming dangerously ill with cancer; to her this indicated that, despite the aims of therapy, the Wolf-Man had not freed himself from the influence of Freud's personality.

Ruth Mack Brunswick's case history is rich with ingenious dream interpretations, yet, for all her interest in the childhood of the Wolf-Man, in retrospect one speculates about her personal feelings toward him. It is clear that by referring to her this famous case, with the implied invitation that she write a supplement to his own lengthy essay, Freud demonstrated his esteem for the young woman. In the analysis she deliberately undermined the Wolf-Man's fantasies that he was a favorite son of Freud's by emphasizing his exclusion from the psychiatrist's social life and by pointing out that other patients had been treated by Freud for longer periods of time. The question arises whether, besides her rational objectives, Dr. Brunswick, who had herself long been a patient of Freud's, did not have intense feelings of competitiveness with the Wolf-Man which may have influenced her treatment of him. In later years Freud grew disappointed in her, and her own inner problems were gradually to overwhelm her.



Curiously, what was probably the major romance in the Wolf-Man's life —that with Freud and psychoanalysis —is undiscussed and uninterpreted. Remembering the passionate faith of his childhood, the Wolf-Man wonders why, "with no effort on my part, I discarded religion so easily. The question is, what filled up the vacuum thus created?" He suggests that perhaps literature or painting took up the void, omitting his important role in the psychoanalytic movement. He has written articles on philosophy and art seen from a psychoanalytic point of view, and also sold some of his paintings to analysts. Freud himself collected sums of money for this former patient who, as Ruth Mack Brunswick put it, "had served the theoretical ends of analysis so well." Even now, as the Wolf-Man's life has, according to him, grown less harmonious with old age, writing his experiences with Freud has given purpose to his life.

In her conclusion to this volume Dr. Gardiner stresses that "Freud's analysis saved the Wolf-Man from a crippled existence, and Dr. Brunswick's reanalysis overcame a serious acute crisis, both enabling the Wolf-Man to lead a long and tolerably healthy life." Freud, however, would have been as interested in therapeutic failure as its success, and it would be in his best spirit to mention the problems the Wolf-Man has failed to overcome. If a patient has needed so much therapeutic propping all these years, was psychoanalysis the preferred method of treatment for him in the first place? He did, to be sure, progress better under Freud's care than with other therapists of the day, but can one say that it was analytic insight that helped him or the continuing emotional support of Freud and the psychoanalytic movement? Freud would have wanted this question to be raised.

*Paul Roazen, who teaches at Harvard, is the author of "Freud: Political and Social Thought" and "Brother Animal: The Story of Freud and Tausk."*



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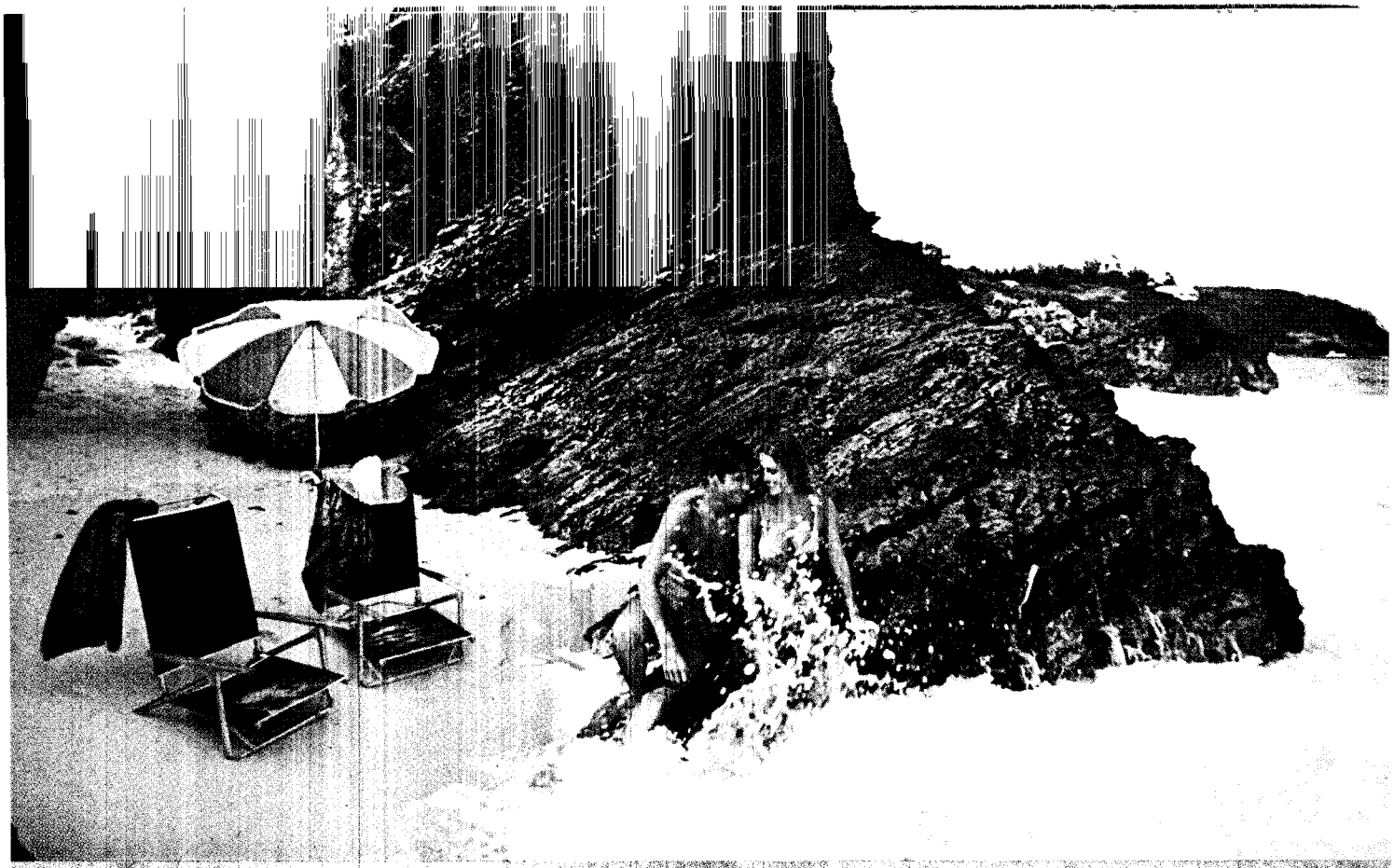

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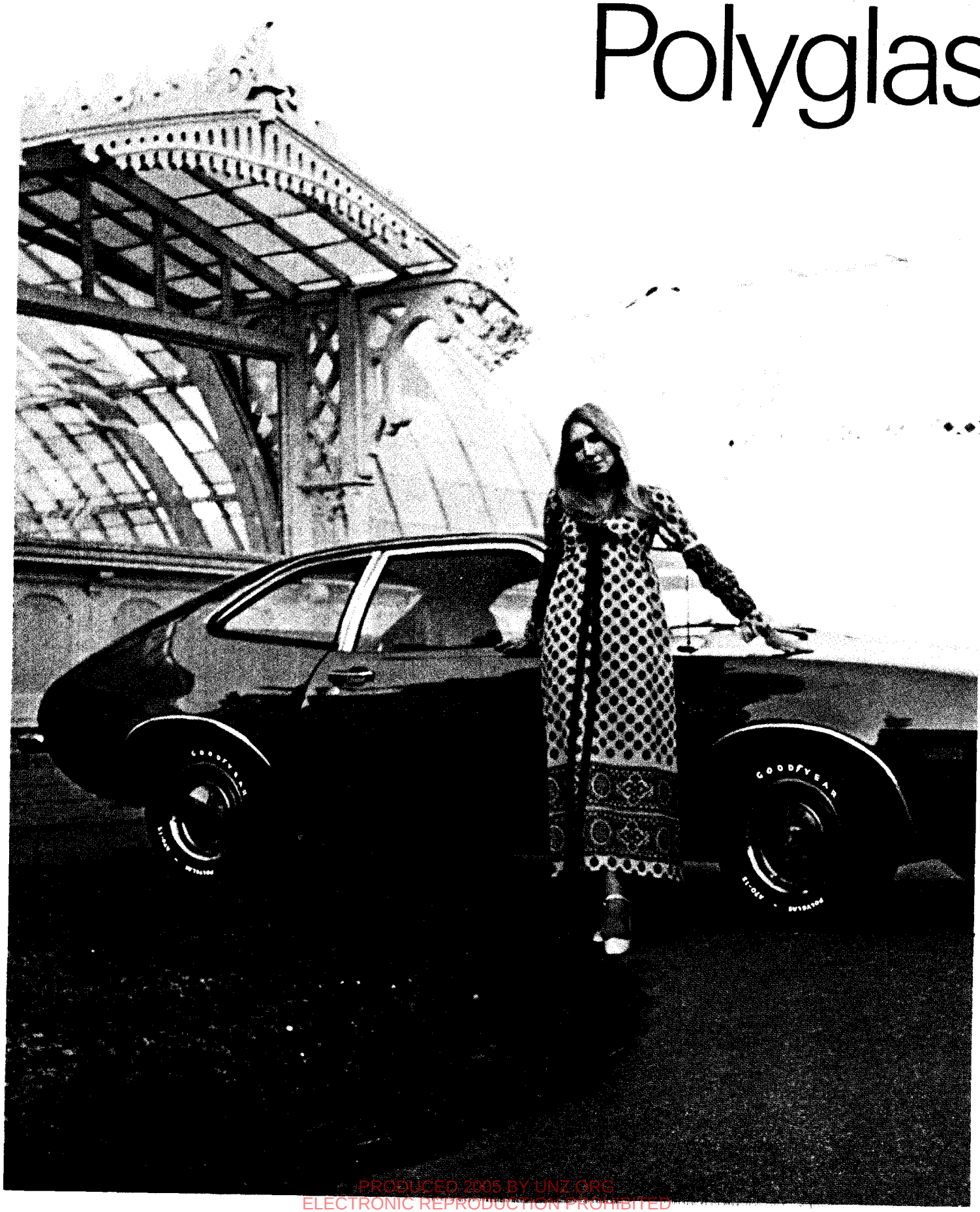


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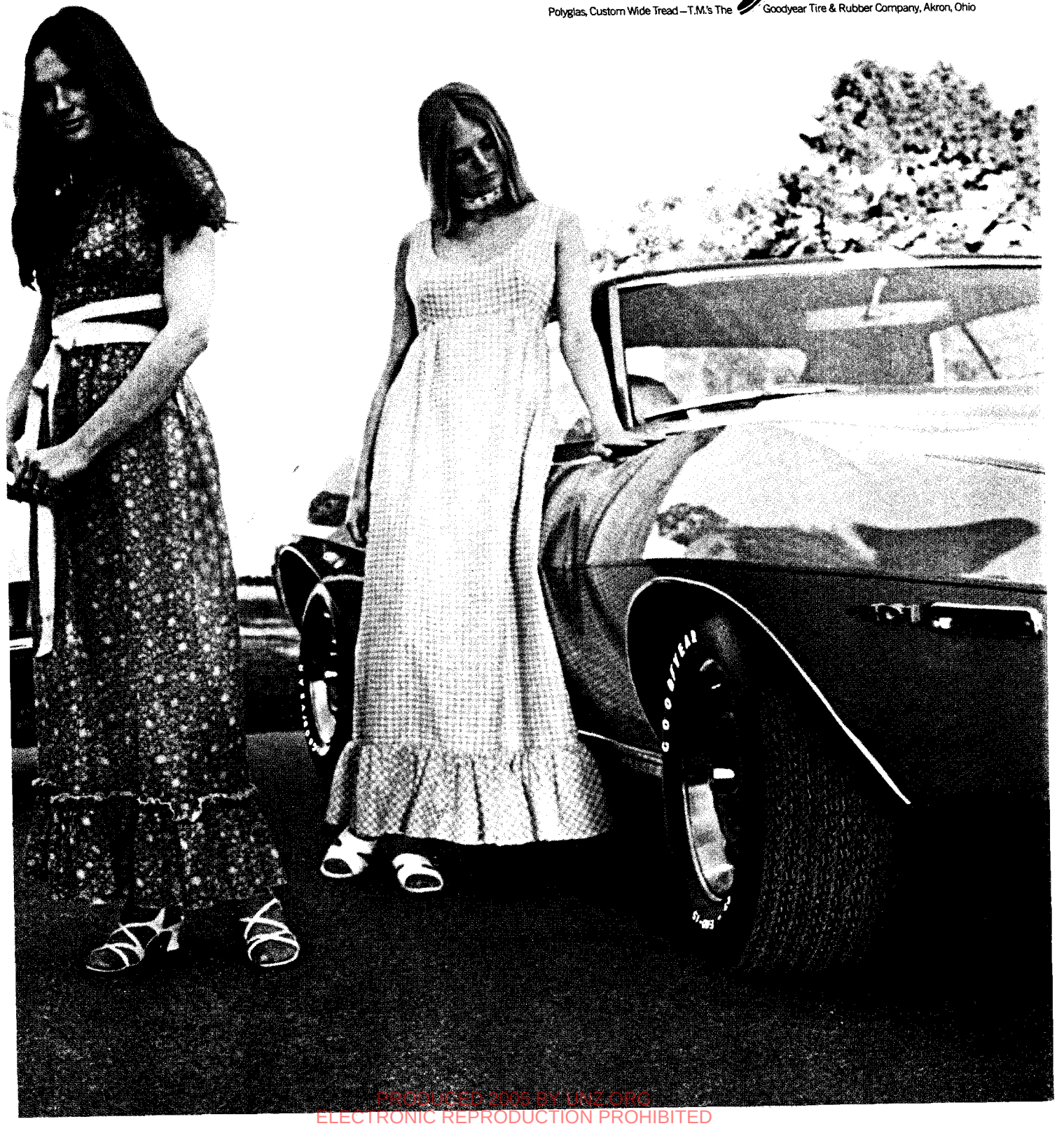

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# Until They Found the Shelter, Their Home Was Danang's Streets

By GLORIA EMERSON
Special to The New York Times

DANANG, South Vietnam—He is a very different boy, even in this country where not many children lead safe, childlike lives. Vo Van Be is too small, too solemn, too silent for a boy of 11—although he does not really know if that is his exact age.

One of 24 youngsters who live in a bare, decaying, dirty house in this city, Vo Van Be very much likes his new home. He shines shoes, as do the other boys, to earn money. They all have tiny wooden boxes that hold bits of polish, part of a rag and a brush.

"He has a lot on his mind; most of the other kids have only themselves to worry about, but he has two sisters to support," Richard Hughes, a 27-year-old American, said of Vo Van Be. Mr. Hughes, whose home is in Pittsburgh, was an actor in the Boston Theater Company. He came to Vietnam as a journalist in 1968; two weeks later he was deeply involved in running a home in Saigon for "wandering children"—as the Vietnamese call these homeless youngsters.

If Vo Van Be seems to be a child listening always to voices no one else hears, the two small sisters seem even more removed.

### A Child Beyond Surprise

The youngest, whose name is Bong, is 5, perhaps 6. She does not cry or often break her silence. Nothing seems to surprise her now; she only stares ahead.

Her older sister, Bi, has a swollen face and watery eyes that seem to hurt her in the sun.

They are by themselves during the day when their brother and the other boys go out to look for customers. Sometimes Bong plays a little with the big blue comb that all the boys seem to use. There is nothing else for shoeshine boys. The little girls should not be in the house that is at the end of an alley on a well-to-do middle-class street, but Vo Van Be has nowhere else to take them.

He cannot read or write. The young Vietnamese student, Vo Cong Tai, who lives with the children, tries to reach the illiterate. But there are not enough pencils, and nothing at all to write on.

Vo Van Be cannot answer questions about his past. The words do not come. Three years ago, his village in Quang Tin Province was bombed by American planes.

"Most died," Vo Van Be says. His parents did, but he does not mention this. He and his sisters took a bus to Danang where, for three years, they lived in the outdoor market, sleeping on the streets. Other shoeshine boys told him about the house and led the trio to it.

It is hard to understand why Bong does not have a clean shirt and why Bi cannot have the rash on her body treated. The answer: no money.

Dick Hughes, who is responsible for raising the $2,500 a month for the four homes he runs, speaks quietly of his daily, monthly, yearly chase for funds.

"In the United States, people don't care anymore. They want to forget about Vietnam and kids like these," he said. "If you ask them for help, so many people say, 'We're spending our money for things at home.'"

### Busy With His Projects

An American philanthropist said, sorry, he could not help the shoeshine boys because his projects were arms control and birth control. A Congressman, touring Vietnam, promised to help, but nothing has happened.

Three American women, whose husbands are the highest-ranking members of the United States Mission here, dropped in at the boys' hostel at 195 Pham Ngu Lao in Saigon, and made the appropriate comments about Mr. Hughes's splendid work. But the ladies said they were busy themselves helping Vietnamese refugees from Cambodia and did not commit themselves.

"They did send us a television set—maybe the last thing in the world we need," Mr. Hughes said, with a grin.

A general has chipped in $50, but the huge American community has mostly remained aloof. Mr. Hughes does not like to hold out his hand to them, either.

The financial situation in the last two and a half years has usually been desperate. Mr. Hughes needs each month about $2,500 to run the Danang hostel and the three in Saigon, where a total of about 130 youngsters live. On one occasion, the actor even cashed in his return ticket to the United States to meet bills.

There are more than 44 voluntary agencies in Vietnam.

"They don't even begin to dent the problem in this country," Mr. Hughes said. "The voluntary agencies are tied down by regulations and restrictions. They don't want to go out on a limb, so they only support a successful project. They write letters to me like, 'Send us a letter from your president or board of directors.' That's a joke."

The Saigon companies of Esso and Shell—two of the world's leading oil companies — have contributed about $100 each. The most generous and spontaneous help has come from the Foremost Dairies of Vietnam, whose manager is Stanley Pantell.

"In Saigon he had the electricity redone, the toilets fixed for us. Twice he's given us grants and even money out of his own pocket when I was really up against it," Mr. Hughes said.

A few American friends, some of them with voluntary agencies, have helped him face the crushing problems of giving youngsters a feeling of being wanted, of not needing to steal. In Danang, there is 25-year-old James Trullinger of Syosset, N. Y., who is the American deputy adviser to the Mayor of Danang, and largely concerned with social welfare.

The boys, who are from age 6 to 18, must only follow one strict rule in the hostel here: no smoking. Many of them, sometimes at age 9 and 10, like to light up a cigarette to show that they are tough and worldly. Few demands are made on the boys. Mr. Hughes does not want them to feel they are being "rehabilitated."

There are squads for doing the simplest chores: cleaning the latrine, sweeping the floors, washing the dishes, but any Vietnamese housewife would groan at the results.

The boys here own so little that it hardly matters. The one piece of furniture where they can put things consists of two relics from the scrapyard. The other piece of furniture is a long [illegible] they eat, with two benches

thing—the basic premise must learn to care about the American said.

he hardest of all things to m. Some of the shoeshine boys in Danang and Saigon have been pimps and pickpockets. They have been in jail as vagrants, and they are often persecuted by the police.

"One of the boys, Nguyen Loi, was stopped twice during the last two weeks by policemen here who wanted money," Mr. Trullinger said, "A policeman said to Nguyen Loi, 'Hey, stop right here. Give me 50 piasters so I can go to the movies.'"

But Nguyen Loi refused to come across, Mr. Trullinger said, and the boy was taken to the police station.

"His hands were held behind his back, and he was hit in the mouth with a gun," said Mr. Trullinger, who complained to the Mayor. It is not certain what the Mayor can do.

Some of the children have been hurt by the war beyond repair. Such as little Vo Van Be and his two sisters, or 17-year-old Nguyen Van Tri, who lost his right leg and half of his left leg when a Viet Cong mine exploded.

Some children ran away from brutal parents and refuse to go back to them.

There are others who have forgotten who they are, what they suffered: A tiny boy with a wide grin and long spindly legs has been christened Moritz by a Vietnamese housemaster for he does not know what his real name is. He is a Montagnard from the central highlands of Vietnam. No one else in the hostel here can find out anything more.

Phuong Van Nhan, 8 is a tormented child whose parents both had seizures of insanity. He ran away. When he talks, he cannot stop rubbing the table with one hand. Sometimes he weeps and cries out at night.

There are older boys who are heroin and morphine addicts; boys with polio who can crawl, but not walk, bright boys and slow ones; boys who have been professional thieves; boys who fight with knives, and boys who will, as Mr. Hughes puts it, never become "Horatio Algers." Mr. Hughes does not lecture or preach. He shares what they have, and he is always there.

"Once a boy trusts you, all else will follow: school, discipline, work, dignity, and the difficult search back into themselves, as to how they can compensate for what they have lost and how they can possibly even be happy," he said.

Vo Van Be, a Vietnamese boy, about 11, has supported sisters, Vo Van Bong, left, and Vo Van Bi, since their parents were killed three years ago. They now live in home run by American, Richard Hughes.

### Luxury Is Not Necessary

He does not think it would be better for the boys if they suddenly found themselves in luxurious surroundings.

"If the boys stick with you, out of love, when there are few clothes, few conveniences and facilities, and little money, the project is sound," he said. "Then the trust will last through the better, more affluent times."

The problems never stop: There are illnesses that must be treated, unbelievable red tape before a boy is issued papers and can be sent to a school to learn a trade; the struggle with landlords who want to raise rents, and the effort to give the youngsters a feeling of "family."

"After all, no matter how successful our hostels are, they will always be the second best thing," Mr. Hughes said. "Our sort of 'family' will have to suffice until some order is restored, until the boys can return to homes that are not shattered and at odds."

For two years, Richard Hughes has faced the crises almost alone. He knows when to interfere between quarrelling boys who have butcher knives, when to let a fistfight go on, how to gently caress a head and take time to hear a very dirty small boy tell him what happened that day.

Seven months ago, he hoped that he could pull out and let the Vietnamese take over, but it has not yet worked out. He does not really feel he can leave now. Years from now, he said, he still will not have stopped wondering how they are.

It has been worth it for him, and for them. Once writing home to his parents about the boys who have been looked on as waifs, criminals and outcasts, he wrote:

"I care very deeply for each last one of them. They are gallant and good. And I cannot fathom where all their love had gone before I came."

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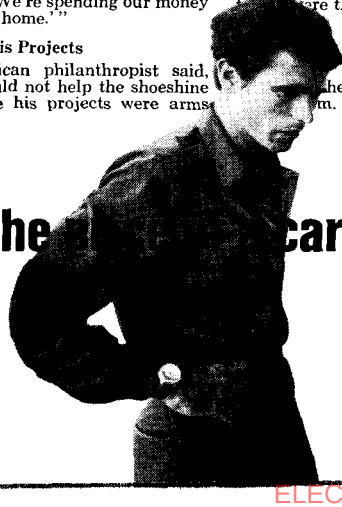

**For the [illegible] carton of cigarettes, become a humanitarian.**

**Help Dick Hughes.** The New York Times piece above tells how Dick Hughes has given his life to the street children of Saigon. Many have already helped Dick Hughes. But much more is needed. If you can spare the price of a carton of cigarettes, send it to Dick Hughes, JUSPAO Mailroom/Saigon, APO San Francisco, California 96243. If you'd like more information call us at 212-685-0517.

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## Ibsen

*Continued from page 26*

. . . witnessing a slice of real life.' " Not being a professor, it was easier for me to obey these instructions—I was not hampered by the academic touch. Most actors find my versions easy to speak; I do myself. At first I only translated the plays I was producing, but later I was asked to translate all of Ibsen's plays for the Modern Library Edition. I did not feel equipped to tackle the verse plays—I still think *Peer Gynt* is only really good in the original—but I agreed to translate the twelve so-called "domestic" plays, from *Pillars of Society* through *When We Dead Awaken.*

On the many long tours I made in *Hedda Gabler, The Master Builder, Rosmersholm* and, more recently, *Ghosts* I found the audiences far ahead of the reviewers in appreciation and understanding of Ibsen. Often, on a stretch of one-night stands, I would catch myself wondering in some small town in the Far West or the Deep South who in such a remote place would want to see *Hedda Gabler,* and be amazed that evening to play to a packed house of keen, intelligent, responsive people.

Besides many examples of obtuse early reviews, Mr. Meyer quotes excerpts from those critics who, from the very first, recognized Ibsen's genius, even if they did not always agree with his views or condone his expression of them. In England the most famous of these was, of course, Bernard Shaw; and there were several in Germany and Scandinavia, notably Otto Brahm, Nordahl Rolfsen, Herman Bang, and Georg Brandes.

Mr. Meyer treats the relationship between Ibsen and Brandes—"these two difficult men" as he calls them—more fully and sensitively than have most biographers. Feared and hated in Denmark, Brandes was considered dangerous to youth, a menace to religion, to ethics, to the established order of things. According to Mr. Meyer, Brandes acted as a kind of gadfly, goading Ibsen on, trying to sting him into taking positive action in political and sociological fields. But Ibsen was not a joiner—"I have no great faith in solidarity," he wrote in a letter to Brandes. Yet through his work he influenced society far more effectively and lastingly than Bjørnson, for instance, with all the latter's speeches and polemics.

Several incidents in Mr. Meyer's book struck home to me. I was brought up, for instance, on the *"ikke tude"* story. A childhood friend of Mother's told her of sitting next to Ibsen in his box at a performance in 1898 of *Brand*; it was the first time he had seen it played, and it moved him to tears. *"Ikke tude!"* (Don't blubber!), she heard him mutter to himself. From the time I was a tiny child Mother would say this to me when I showed signs of "blubbering." And how often have I heard Mother tell of the famous dinner when Ibsen, in response to all the eulogistic speeches, stood up, barked out, *"Jeg takker"* (I thank you), and sat right down again.

Turning from Mr. Meyer's "exuberant cornucopia"—to use one of his own phrases—to Mr. Heiberg's *Portrait of the Artist* is like transferring from a richly laden galleon to a Viking ship stripped for action. Yet, in spite of its economy, all the essentials are there. Although Mr. Meyer scrupulously presents the most minute facets of Ibsen's life and work, somehow one gets a clearer picture of the man from Mr. Heiberg's less ambitious effort, which Joan Tate has translated from the Norwegian. This is perhaps not strange; sometimes too great a wealth of detail obscures the issue.

Ibsen's quirks of temperament—the violent contrasts in his nature, the combination of troll and moralist, of ancient prophet and shrewd businessman—do not surprise Mr. Heiberg, perhaps because he is himself Norwegian. He finds these neither strange nor in the least pathological, but reports them quite simply, without special comment. He appreciates how deeply wounded the young Ibsen's vanity had been by the grueling poverty he had endured, by the ridicule his clothes inspired, by the humble pleas for help he was constantly forced to make. When recognition came at last with the success of *Brand,* Ibsen "stood upright for the first time in his life," Mr. Heiberg writes, "assuming for good this stance which he had always known to be natural to him." From then on he was able to choose his own way of life, to indulge his love of reserve, for his was not normally an expansive nature. "What had characterized his life until 1866 had been anything but distance from his fellow-human beings. On the contrary, he had been plagued by much too close a contact—the suppliant's necessary contact with creditors, moneylenders and superiors." Now the pendulum swung violently in the other direction.

The almost universal contempt Ibsen was subjected to in the early days, gave him, Mr. Heiberg believes, an acute inferiority complex and brought out in him many traits for which he has been blamed and ridiculed. Mr. Heiberg writes understandingly of his "weakness for honors," for instance: ". . . even a very confident genius can also have an ultrasensitive mind, with a compulsive need to acquire a bulwark to protect him against insults from the outside world." And he describes feelingly Ibsen's relations with his wife and son; their correspondence in 1874, he remarks, "is full of a warm and intimate love, which shows that Suzannah had been something more to Ibsen than the stern guardian we have been allowed to see." Mr. Heiberg's analysis of the love-hate relationship between Ibsen and Bjørnson is most illuminating. "Was it just the primitive jealousy of two cocks on the same dunghill which made them become alternately close friends and bitter enemies?" he asks, then adds: "If one takes them too literally, the picture will be distorted

# Your Literary I.Q.

*Conducted by David M. Glixon*

### HUNT THE AUTHOR

Over a score of authors' surnames lie hidden in the next paragraph. According to Stanley Fields of Brooklyn, New York, his puzzle looks *hard,* yet it is easily solved, especially if you ignore punctuation and take advantage of the alphabetical list of the authors' given names. The directory is on page 56.

As hawks hover near and eagles tower above, I shiver in my fragile tent, hardly a practical dwelling. After a few moments a lingering doe scampers erratically over the field in great haste. In the other direction I see one ill-favored fox fording the nearby stream; he eyes and then attacks a wildcat. Her scream is piercing. Truly, whether on land or sea, this eternal war renders each creature a prey to his neighbor. Yet the fox's art reminds me—as I lonely observe the scene—that neither by sinking to bestiality nor rising to divinity can a man in this age escape his fate.

Ayn, Bernard, Edward, Erskine, Eugene, Frank, George, Gertrude, Harriet, Henry, Ignazio, J. D., James, Jean, Jules, Kingsley, Robert, St.-John, Walter, Willa, William



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for both of them were irascible . . . and their recriminations were expressions of anger rather than genuine opinions."

As a theater-man, Mr. Heiberg makes many interesting observations about Ibsen's work, though, as a "theater-man" myself, I do not always agree with him. I find it impossible, for instance, to understand why he has such a poor opinion of *John Gabriel Borkman* and why he should think the last act "technically almost impossible to stage." This is simply nonsense. Nor can I concur with him that *The Master Builder* "behind the effective façade is very much shallower and simpler than several of Ibsen's previous dramas." On the other hand, I wholeheartedly endorse his analysis of *The Wild Duck*, especially his comment "the construction is so that it is as if secret cogwheels were engaging, driving the characters towards their destinies."

I have often said that Ibsen's plays are slightly *over* life-size; Mr. Heiberg means the same thing, I think, when he says of *Ghosts*, "[Ibsen] is now combining in a manner uniquely his own the techniques of classical tragedy with the conflicts and predicaments of his own time." *The Lady from the Sea* he calls "a psychological study of hysteria-phenomena so vivid, so profound and clear that the advance of scientific knowledge has never been able to affect it"; and *When We Dead Awaken*, "one of the most interesting autobiographical documents in art of modern times . . . one of the plays which will absorb readers, and perhaps audiences, for generations to come." Throughout it is the forward-looking element in Ibsen's work that Mr. Heiberg stresses.

He pays Ibsen a great tribute when, describing the indomitable spirit of the Norwegian people during the Nazi occupation, he asks, "What part did Ibsen's contribution to Norway's spiritual life play in forming that element in the national character which would not allow itself to be subdued?"

In a speech made in 1885 to the Workers Union at Trondheim (which both biographers quote, though in different translations) Ibsen declared: "There is still much to do here before we can be said to have reached real freedom. An element of *nobility* must enter into our political life, our administration, our representation and our press. Naturally I am not thinking of nobility of birth, or nobility of money, or nobility of knowledge or even that of ability and talent. But I am thinking of nobility of character, of the spirit and of the will. That alone can make us free." Words well worth listening to!

## WIT TWISTER #230

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.*

Our older _ _ _ _ _ _ _ get
on with their trade
And sell or mend the coverings
they've made.
Their sons, however, _ _ _ _
_ _ _ precedent
With _ _ _ _ _ _ _ and
strikes and bitter argument.

—A. S.

*(Answer on page 60)*

## THE HEART THAT WOULD NOT HOLD:
## A Biography of Washington Irving

**by Johanna Johnston**

Evans, 384 pp., $7.95

*Reviewed by Norman Holmes Pearson*

■ Washington Irving is a name mostly in memory. Sunnyside, the Dutch-gabled cottage of his old age, is visited more often than his *Collected Works*. Except for "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," he is not much read today. But, thanks now to Johanna Johnston's lively biography, he will be read about.

It is good to have Irving back, and equally pleasant to read a biography that is not an omnibus. *The Heart That Would Not Hold* presents so attractive a portrait and so well-paced a narrative that one can even forgive the treacle of its title. Mrs. Johnston's book is more than a heartbreaker, just as Irving himself was more than a man with a broken heart, though he could regard himself sentimentally. A poem written by him in 1822, when he was thirty-nine, serves as the appropriate epigraph of this newest and best of brief biographies:

> For even thus the man that roams
> On heedless hearts his feeling spends;
> Strange tenant of a thousand homes,
> And friendless, with ten thousand friends.

"Strange tenant" he certainly was; he could hardly remain in one spot.

Irving was an urbane cosmopolite, whether based in Gotham (a term which, like the "almighty dollar," he seems to have invented), London, Paris, Dresden, or Madrid. He mingled with the *beau monde des hommes de lettres* wherever he went, and Irving went everywhere. This biography captures the traveler's remarkable bonhomie and social ease, so different from the testiness of James Fenimore Cooper abroad or at home.

Though trained to be a gentleman lawyer, Irving gave up law, hoping to remain a gentleman. He joined his brother in an English branch of the family business, but left hardware for writing when the business failed. *The Sketch Book* (1820) made him solvent.

In his earlier *Knickerbocker's History of New York* (1809) Irving had laughed at his nation's past. To his generation the Dutch founding fathers of New Amsterdam had become absurd; it shunned New England also. But with *The Sketch Book* Irving's sense of earlier times altered. He now saw England and Europe not as sources of the American heritage—the Colonials' view—but as older cultures, able to supply something America lacked. Irving himself felt this need. "Europe," he wrote in his preface to that volume, "held forth the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise: Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age." In works like *Astoria* Irving would eventually dabble in his own country's "youthful promise"; chiefly, however, he preferred that other frontier, the past. Even so, Mrs. Johnston offers as racy and diverting an account as I have seen of Irving's Manhattan at the turn of the century.

*The Heart That Would Not Hold* does not concern itself much with literary criticism. The panorama of scenes and the man is paramount. The author has a lively eye for anecdotes, and her pages sparkle with them as she follows her "strange tenant" on his travels. But, though she seldom analyzes, she never forgets that Irving was a writer. Mrs. Johnston is not seduced by data irrelevant to that fact, whether in reference to his later years as Ambassador to Spain or as country squire of Tarrytown.

Apparently she has used only secondary sources in gleaning details for this biography, since manuscript collections are never mentioned. But, whatever its research, *The Heart That Would Not Hold* does bring Irving engagingly to life.

*Norman Holmes Pearson is a historian of American literature.*



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# Booked for Travel

*Horace Sutton*

## Voluptuaries (cont'd)

LIVING WELL has been the watchword along the French Riviera almost since Lord Brougham, a refugee from the English winters and a cholera epidemic in Italy, first put ashore here in the 1850s. It took nearly seventy years after that for anyone to realize that this sun-baked, sea-washed, cypress-lined, flower-carpeted fringe between the foothills of the Alps and the shores of the Mediterranean could prove an inviting sanctuary from the real world in summer as well as winter.

Some say that it was the U.S. Army nurses who were billeted—without much hardship, one would judge—at the Hotel du Cap at Antibes during the First World War who persuaded the owner to stay open in summer. Others, among them Calvin Tomkins in his new book *Living Well Is the Best Revenge,* ascribe the social naissance of the summer season to the Cole Porters, who first introduced Antibes to Sara and Gerald Murphy. Endowed, like the Porters, with private wealth, the Murphys established a veritable salon on the sands and became, at least in the early pages of Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night,* the prototypes of Dick and Nicole Diver.

Although some parts of the Riviera have become déclassé—Juan-les-Pins, where the Murphys used to enjoy the new casino in the 1920s, is a prime example—the entire stretch from Menton on the Italian border to St.-Tropez remains a pleasure zone largely dedicated to the voluptuous life—art, music, films, sun, flowers, food, fashion, and fun, an undeniable combination.

Nowhere does that spirit of the Twenties, about which we have been told so much, seem to flame with more fervor than at an unassuming lair called Le Pirate, in the tiny village of Roquebrune-Cap-Martin near the Italian border. Very little evidence of the high life that was about to explode was evident the night I was party to a memorable seance on its premises. In the early hours of twilight, with the daylight still on it, Le Pirate looks like any place on Cape Cod—checkered tables set outside by the water, snug tables indoors for chilly nights. The cooks and waiters, unlike those of the Cape, were stripped to the waist in the fashion of pirates who operate in tropical waters, and when we arrived they were busy charging an enormous open fire with boxes, crates, and assorted firewood.

The evening stood poised there between pedestrian and memorable, until the gate swung open and a man entered. He wore a cape and a flat, broad-brimmed Spanish hat tilted far over his face, with the cape pulled up and the hat pulled down so that only his eyes showed. He ripped off his hat and sent it skimming like a Frisbee across the patio. Two bare-chested waiters rushed to take his cape. He unbuttoned his shirt, revealing a bronzed and tattooed torso that jangled with an assortment of gold crosses, Stars of David, and other pendants. Clearly it was *le patron,* Robert Viale, *le pirate* himself, a part-time gypsy, showman, restaurateur, purveyor of nourishment and joy to the celebrated. Sinatra spends his idle Riviera hours here, and his picture hangs on a wall. Onassis backs his yachts into the cove and sends a dinghy ashore for food.

At Le Pirate there is no menu and no list of prices. The courses just keep coming in an unending stream and with them an unending stream of entertainment—*le pirate* accompanying himself on the guitar in Spanish song, his long-haired, handsome son plucking lyrics of lament out of a flamenco repertoire, his young gypsy wife, swathed in shawls, sending supplicating Andalusian ballads into the Riviera night. Somewhere between the mound of cold crevettes, the Provençal soup spiced with *rougail,* and the lobsters grilled on the open bonfire, an enormous burro trotted out of the kitchen, and *le pirate* tantalized it with a few *faenas* before sending it lumbering back into the wings. So many songs ended in crescendo there seemed an ever-present need to build each to a bigger finale. Finally, perhaps in desperation, a battery of fireworks was set off outside the windows.

Without any warning, one party of customers got up, carried its table outside to the bonfire, and tossed it in. A few chairs followed. *Le pirate* seemed to greet all this with approbation—some say he even encourages it—and doubtless, in one form or another, it appears on the bill. The reckoning is informal and substantial—hardly less, one is told, than $50 for two. "Would you believe," a friend of the patron who lives in Menton told me, "when I was in here the other day, he was emptying a bag of money that had come in from a customer. It contained a thousand dollars *in gold.*" He posed that heady pronouncement as a question, and, although it didn't require an answer, I felt duty bound to shake my head vigorously and cluck my tongue.

**Monaco—a European Hong Kong rising yeastily into the Riviera sky.**

Those who tire of Le Pirate or who have broken all the glasses and burned all the furniture may retire across the street to a dark disco called Les Frères de la Côte, where the waiters seem just as eager to please and nearly as alacritous in leaping to light a cigarette as they are at Le Pirate. It is the vogue here to dance *le Yamasuki,* a succession of posturings that follow suitable Oriental music, beginning with *le salut* in which hands are joined as in prayer, moving on to *la joie, la peur, la grâce,* and *le combat.* There are two parts to *le combat,* first the preparation and then the attack, in which the dancer jumps forward, arms extended karate-style. *"On pousse le cri du Kwaï,"* says the record liner. A creation of François Patrice St. Hilaire, the Yamasuki is said to express the main themes of life. Like all grand themes these days, the Yamasuki is recycled, for when one *combat* is ended, another *salut* begins, followed by the rest of life's phases, until there one is again, *pousse*-ing *le cri du Kwaï.*

If there is any other passion in vogue on the Côte d'Azur these days, it is probably the predilection for what the U.S. Army calls olive drab. It is a dominant hue in the beachwear at the little shops that huddle shoulder to shoulder in Juan-les-Pins ("L'amour à Juan-les-Pins" is the legend stenciled in black on an olive drab undershirt for sale at one shop). At the giant double-decker shopping center called Cap 3,000, which is fitted out with restaurants and a swimming pool, an enormous dress shop displays a pile of old fatigues un-



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der a sign that assures the doubting customer, *"La Mode est au Kaki."*

Very little of this razzmatazz—well, that's what *we* used to call it—is in evidence at such decorous sanctuaries as, say, La Voile d'Or, a lovely little preserve of fifty rooms. Overlooking a marina and the tiny port on the Bay of St. Jean, it has an open-air swimming pool, a dining terrace with seaside views along Cap-Ferrat, and some neighbors of note, among them David Niven, the Gregory Pecks, and the Rizzolis of the publishing family.

Long before the present voluptuaries set up camp along the Riviera, the coast had been visited by Phoenician navigators and later by Romans, never unappreciative of the good life, who built their villas here. The relics of an ancient château still occupy the heights of Eze, a curious village perched on a thrust of rock 1,550 feet above the sea. Trippers come in big buses to climb the narrow alleys of the town, to visit the ribald museum that purports, in a series of leering oils, to portray the history of the Ezaques, who lived for so long among the crags, repulsing the Saracens, fighting off the plague, the Turks, and the Austrians, and locking up their women when they went to war.

The Jardin Exotique is a cactus garden that will prove exotic unless one inhales. The view is lovely, but the air is perfumed with frying crêpes served, traditionally, with Grand Marnier. On the other hand, one could scarcely expect to find a more delicious retreat than the Château de la Chèvre d'Or, a small hotel whose ten rooms (about $25 a night), some of them duplex suites, are snuggled away in the ramparts. From the arched windows, the views sweep unhindered across the sea.

By artful device, the architects found room for a small swimming pool, which has been set in the center of an esplanade. A travertine counter serves as an outdoor bar, and here one can take up semi-permanent residence and look down to the old Roman trail etched by soldiers walking down to board their ships, to the outline of Cap-Ferrat stretching into the sea, to the speedboats scraping trails of white in the blue. Lifting one's line of sight, one can peer fruitlessly for the horizon that has disappeared somewhere in a filmy scrim out there in the mist.

Something of the same view, albeit glassed in, is available in the dining room on an upper level. Here, as if suspended in the salon of an elegant dirigible, one can watch the houses as they seem to spill down the hillside and, with candles flickering among the flowers, order the *coeur de filet tartare*, *omelette des Saracens*, or the *salade des Pénitents*, all named for those who have had associations with Eze.

From the heights at Eze one can look down at the tiny preserve of Monaco in the way that one might find oneself inadvertently peering down the décolletage of a *grande dame*. There is, of course, plenty that is *grande dame* and Belle Epoque about Monte Carlo. Its hotels, its famed casino, and the theater put together by Garnier, whose prime fame is the Opéra in Paris, are, taken together, a regular festival of baroque. The rooms in the Hôtel Hermitage, where I put up for a couple of nights, have been redone with acceptable comfort and quiet taste. The lobby, with its ironwork struts supporting the stained-glass skylight, and the dining salon, with cherubs floating in the gilded ceiling looking down on the guests nesting among all those potted palms, are settings left over from some other time.

The Place du Casino, where the Hôtel de Paris, the casino, and the jazzy new Café de Paris (slot machines and snacks) come together, is perhaps the heart of old Monte Carlo, but one has only to lift the eye to see other days coming. The lovely garden with its palms, petunias, and magnolias is a quiet enclave, but behind it an enormous tower called the Mille Fiori soars heavenward. Indeed, hemmed in by the sea on one side and the French border on the other, Monaco has begun to rise yeastily into the Riviera sky, giving the appearance of a European Hong Kong bursting with concrete shafts. A spirited government is also reaching into the sea to reclaim new land. A residential area and a new port for pleasure craft have been created on the west end at Fontvieille, a new port facility will prove enticing for cruise ships that have been stopping at Cannes (where passengers must debark on lighters), and a whole new Monte Carlo sea front is being created on the east end near Larvotto. A 1,500-yard beach, a terrace walk, underground garages, and an enormous new Loew's Hotel are all under way.

If there is a new Monaco in the making, there is a conscious effort not to dismantle the old one. The narrow streets of old Monaco remain suitably rustic in, say, the manner of old Genoa, and, on sun-filled mornings, visitors who stream in from all the worlds' countries to dally in this tiny royal preserve promenade along them en route to the princely palace. There, in front of the fortress built in 1215, soldiers in white uniforms stand guard alongside their candy-striped sentry boxes. At high noon, a carillon sounds in the tower and four troopers march at quick cadence out of the maw of the palace. From the opposite side of the square, a bugle and drum corps escorts a squad of eight soldiers to the palace gates. The changing of the guard in Monaco is one of the last remnants of regal panoply still left in Europe, and the spectacle plays daily to a sell-out audience that stands in awed silence around the rim of the square. When the new guard is in place and the old guard retired, the crowd breaks, the visitors strolling into the café under the pines, climbing back aboard their mammoth tour buses parked in the square, or sauntering along the seaside terrace-walk to the Musée Océanographique.

In the tiny principality now stretching its way into the sea toward Africa, there is room enough, it seems, for everybody; room for the trippers over from London to see the spectacle in the square, and room for the rich, *nouveaux* or *anciens*, who seek lodging in the Hôtel de Paris, which has 500 employees for its 450 guests, a kitchen laid out by Escoffier himself, and a wine cellar that contains 150,000 bottles. Included in the cache is an 1809 cognac still bearing the same Hennessy label (a bottle was opened for Winston Churchill a few years before his death), some cases of Coca-Cola (non-vintage), and a whole section marked "SSA," meaning they are for the private use of His Serene Highness Prince Rainier. It is the good wine, the good life, and the imposing palace, and the beautiful Princess that keep His Highness serene. It could have the same effect on almost any sensitive, appreciative soul.

*(This is the second of two articles.)*

## Mumbo Jumbo

Transporting one's self from the edge of Coney Island to that other seashore in the south of France is relatively easy. I managed it both ways with Air France, which used a Boeing 707 on the eastbound transatlantic leg and a 747 coming home. With the chance to compare them at first hand, I found the 707, which had once seemed so big and roomy, to be cramped and confining. The forward lounge in first-class seems to have disappeared, and the crew saw fit on our flight to use one of the two lavatories to store their baggage. Coming home, the 747 was roomy and elaborate, more like a ship than a plane. The jumbos are not landing at Nice Airport, and it is necessary to go through customs in Paris and change to a small 727 jet or a Caravelle for the journey south. I confess that few of the advantages of the jumbos over the standard jets were so apparent to me when I made the 747 proving flight with Pan Am from Seattle to New York in 1969.

Having taken part in nearly two dozen attacks on the high cuisine of France during this excursion, I really can't quite complain about having to eat a bit of crow.



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# World of Dance

*Walter Terry*

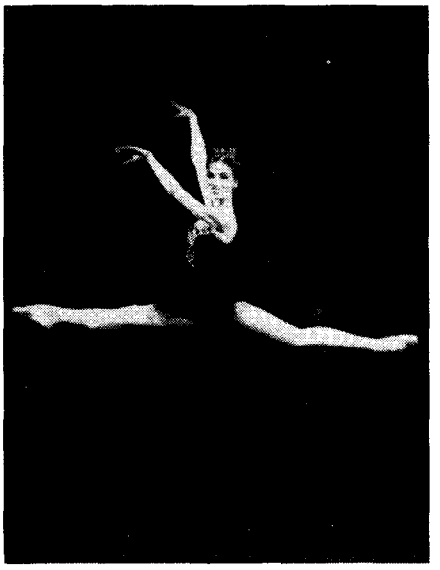
## America (Ballet), the Beautiful

ONCE UPON A TIME, thirty-five years ago, when all of us dance fans thought that we had reached a dance millennium because the dance season in New York ran from Columbus Day, when Ted Shawn and His Men Dancers appeared at Carnegie Hall (or for a week at the Majestic Theater), until mid-March, we were wondrously regaled with a two- or three-week ballet engagement (the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo) and splatterings of modern dance recitals, often on Sunday nights. Everyone referred to this as a dance renascence in America. *Today*, dance performances in New York City are year-around, with major companies in major theaters playing simultaneously to capacity audiences. How to review them all? Capsules.

The American Ballet Theatre in splendid form—as befits the organization that is indisputably our national ballet company—has played a six-week season at the New York State Theater to large (despite summer doldrums) and enthusiastic audiences. The troupe's repertory, unequaled in choreographic scope, was again extended by new additions and by new interpretations of familiar roles by members of this superb company.

One of the novelties was *Mendelssohn Symphony* (No. 4—*Italian*) choreographed by Dennis Nahat, an exciting and versatile young dancer and a choreographer of considerable promise. I'm not at all convinced that every section of this symphony is danceable—the first and fourth movements work best choreographically—but Nahat has come up with some stunning group patterns, as precise but as surprising as the images made by a kaleidoscope. He has also choreographed felicitously for that remarkable young ballerina Cynthia Gregory, who is also precise (in movement) and surprising (in versatility), a dancer who is suffusing her prodigious technical accomplishments with a newly developing artistry of great significance to American ballet.

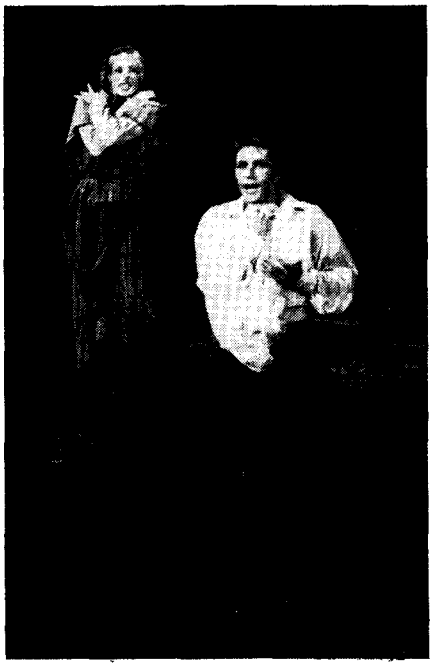
Marius Petipa's *Paquita* (1847), to music of Minkus, is an excerpt staged by Rudolf Nureyev. It's Minkus-Spanish, rather than ethnic, but that can be great fun. Nureyev did a good job of editing; ABT danced it with flourish; and the principals, Miss Gregory and the highly gifted Michael Denard (guest from the Paris Opera Ballet), headed the cast.



*—Ron Protas*

**The recent Russian defector Natalia Makarova as Odile in the American Ballet Theatre's "Swan Lake"—"spectacular."**

Alvin Ailey's *The River* (Duke Ellington) was first done by ABT as "a-work-in-progress"; it was an instant success. Beautiful! Now it is happily complete. Antony Tudor's *Romeo and Juliet* was not finished when *it* was first done by ABT way back in 1943. It was swiftly completed and served such great ballerinas as Markova, Kaye, and Alonso (Juliets) and the incomparable actor-dancer Hugh Laing (Romeo) for a long time. Since those days, we have seen the *Romeo and Juliet* of the Bolshoi, the Royal Danish Ballet, Britain's Royal, the Stuttgart (my personal favorite), all to Prokofiev's full-length score, and still other versions. Tudor's ballet, a one-acter to music of Delius, has just been revived. It is—and always has been—fairly static and totally unconcerned with virtuosity; yet, it is quite beautiful to look at, thanks to Eugene Berman's scenery and costumes and to the Tudor tableaux.



*—Dina Makarova*

**Erik Bruhn in his own staging of "La Sylphide" (with Dennis Nahat as the Witch)—"perfection as the hero."**

That history-making ballet masterpiece Bournonville's *La Sylphide* (1836), the Danish version of the Taglioni original (1832), was given in a slightly new staging by Erik Bruhn, today's dancing prince of Denmark. The Harald Lander version, done for ABT a few seasons ago, was delightful (and true to Bournonville), but alterations have been made. Bruhn, of course, has not tampered with the key Bournonville patterns, but John Lanchbery's new arrangement of, and additions to, the old and magnificently corny Løvenskjold score are what I would call itsy-poo British. And please! Let us have the flying witches back. Carla Fracci, herself an evocation of the Romantic Age of Ballet, is a flawless Sylphide, but the Russian Natalia Makarova is badly out of tune with Bournonville. Bruhn, of course, is perfection as the hero.

Makarova, a recent defector to the West, is a great ballerina. Her *Coppélia* is effervescent, and her Odette-Odile in *Swan Lake* is spectacular; she is excellent also in the more modern roles that have come to her through her new artistic freedom. With a ballerina, do you think of feet only? Regard the neck, for the long neck makes the ballerina carry her head like a crown. Makarova has such a neck, plus virtuosity and style and interpretive skill. Fracci? A dream come true! Bruhn? Recovering from injuries last season but now fully restored to his dancing perfection as the greatest *premier danseur noble* of our age.

Is there a rival of, or successor to, Bruhn? Yes, Ivan Nagy from Hungary, also a *danseur noble*, a hero, a gallant, a prince, and a brilliant dancer, equally at home in new and old ballets. Do Fracci and Makarova push aside other ABT ballerinas? Certainly not. The young Gregory is soaring to the top, and the veteran Lupe Serrano just gets out on stage and says, with her muscles, "Anything you can do I can do better." For example, her incredible balances, her high leaps, and, in *Swan Lake*, those slow-motion *fouettés* that accelerate into an unforgettable burst of fireworks. Retirement and home to husband (Kenneth Schermerhorn) and children? But, according to Lucia

*(Continued on page 60)*



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# As Others See Us

## *"Journey for Peace"*

**MOSCOW:**

PRESIDENT NIXON'S statement [on his proposed trip to Peking] is interpreted by circles close to the U.S. government as an expression of Washington's "peacemaking" line. But there is a big difference between the words and deeds of the U.S. ruling quarters. In deeds, the United States continues to wage its aggressive war in Indochina, it supports the Israeli extremists, and it hinders a relaxation of tension in Europe. Not accidentally, the contacts with Peking, too, are regarded by many in the United States as a continuation of this reactionary anti-Communist course.

Peking has been calling for implacable and uncompromising struggle against U.S. imperialism, for the overthrow of Nixon's government, while the United States has just as demonstratively boycotted the People's Republic of China and supported Chiang Kai-shek's regime in Taiwan.

The reactionary anti-Communist circles link with the Sino-American contacts their intentions to undermine the unity of the anti-imperialist forces and to weaken the positions of world socialism.

*—Pravda.*

**MILAN:**

WHAT COMMON point of view have the three "national-Communist" powers of the Balkans (Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Albania) toward the major reshuffling of the cards in the international game that is taking place as a result of the announcement of President Nixon's journey to China? In Albania, perhaps, there may be some perplexity. There, ideology is taken much more literally. But deep down inside the Albanians must feel that a strengthening of their Chinese protector will serve to consolidate their delicate position. As for Rumania, we must remember that Nixon's journey to Peking really began at Bucharest in the summer of 1969. Kissinger gave Nixon good advice when he pointed to Ceausescu as the right man to initiate a diplomatic escalation among the dissidents from the Soviet Union. It is no secret that Ceausescu is the most important figure in the preparation of the thaw between the United States and China. And Tito, whom Nixon visited immediately after Ceausescu, was immediately willing to back up any effort to break the inflexible division of spheres of influence established at Yalta. The Yugoslavs have always been against the bipartite rule symbolized by the "hot line" telephone between Washington and Moscow. In short, the appearance on the scene of a third great power offers a possibility of relaxation in an uneasy region of Europe. At Belgrade they say: "If an American President had gone to Peking in 1968, the Russian tanks would never have rolled into Prague."

*—Corriere della Sera.*

**BUCHAREST:**

NO EFFICIENT settlement of the big problems facing mankind today could be conceived without the participation of the People's Republic of China. All international developments in the present period conclusively demonstrate that a foreign policy that does not take into account reality is doomed to failure. It is but natural that everybody is desirous to see a new, sound climate established in international relations; everybody fighting within the big anti-imperialist front should view with satisfaction the increasingly marked presence of Communist China in international life.

Rumania steadfastly campaigns for the progress of détente and negotiated settlement of disputed international issues. . . . It is in this light that public opinion in Rumania expresses satisfaction at the agreement on the Sino-American meeting and talks.

*—Scinteia.*

**WARSAW:**

SIGNIFICANTLY, just when the news of China's invitation to President Nixon was to be released, Peking confirmed its anti-Soviet line at a rally marking the visit of a Rumanian delegation. The Chinese invitation to Nixon must be viewed in the context of a global confrontation between the U.S.-led aggressive imperialist bloc and the forces of socialism and national liberation movements.

It is already known that the rapprochement between Peking and Washington has been going on for two years —in a period when the anti-Soviet campaign became particularly intense in China. This was also a period of an escalation of American aggression in Vietnam and extensions into Cambodia and Laos. Evidently, the rapproche-

### Smoke Signal and Grunt on Capitol Hill

[THE U.S.] CONGRESS, taken on the whole, has for some years been devoted to upholding four main principles: 1) white supremacy; 2) the sacred rights of private property; 3) unflinching support of the military; and 4) prevention of Congressional reforms. It can be fairly said that the nation's legislature has this character largely because the former Confederate states, with about a fifth of the total population of the country, elected the chairmen of nine of the Senate's sixteen major committees and eleven of the twenty House committees. The chairmen of the standing committees have the powers of feudal lords and can always delay, and often defeat, measures that the President and a majority in Congress ostensibly approve—even when the chairmen and the President belong to the same national party, of which the President is popularly imagined to be the strong and unchallenged leader. The powerlessness of the President when defied by the committee chairman arises in part from the separation of powers, which was not originally intended to promote the power of committee chairman but to exalt the Speaker of the House of Representatives as the leader of Congress and, in a sense, the Prime Minister of the American political system. What, however, ensued from this arrangement was that strong-willed Speakers behaved like emperors. Following a successful Congressional revolt against the dictatorial tendencies of Speaker "Uncle Joe" Cannon in the first decade of this century, the Speaker's swollen powers were distributed among the committee chairmen and notably to the chairman of the Rules Committee. Once "Uncle Joe" Cannon was deposed, the committee chairmen were free to rule instead, like the English nobles who subdued King John.

—From *The Trouble with Americans*,
by ALEXANDER CAMPBELL,
published by Praeger

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Campbell, a British citizen, is a member of the editorial board of the* Toronto Star.



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ment between Nixon's administration and the Chinese leadership was made easier by Peking's anti-Soviet and secessionist policies.

—*Trybuna Ludu.*

## LONDON:

THIS IS NOT CAUSE for the rest of the world to gloat. An over-anxious Soviet Union is hardly going to be a factor for peace. Yet the fact remains that President Nixon's agreement with the Chinese is the most dramatic defeat in foreign policy the Soviet Union has suffered since the defection of Yugoslavia. It symbolizes just how far the Sino-Soviet split has gone. How bitter the recriminations ought now to be in the Kremlin over all the mistakes of the past and over all the unlearned lessons that have led up to this event.

Nonetheless, President Nixon must do his utmost now to calm the Russians' wilder fears. The visit to Peking is not directed against the Soviet Union (as he has already said), and must not become so. There is room in the world for all three countries, and for the rest of us too. —*The Guardian.*

## LEEDS:

COMMUNIST CHINA could make things extremely awkward for President Nixon during the forthcoming Presidential election campaign. A withdrawal of the invitation on one pretext or another would be shattering to American morale. For that reason alone some of Washington's allies (South Vietnam, South Korea, and Formosa) will be on the lookout for any signs of a Far-Eastern Munich. It is not difficult to imagine the kind of domestic and Free World pressures that could be put on Mr. Nixon to keep Peking sweet at almost any price. One has seen this kind of thing in Moscow-Washington relations. It must not be forgotten that Communist China's fundamental aims have not changed and that the Chinese and the Russians might one day be allied again in aggression and subversion.

—*The Yorkshire Post.*

## PARIS:

CHINA is coming out of isolation, and the two big powers are on the way to becoming three. The U.S.S.R. is the first to be concerned; this comes at a time when Moscow is trying to find a *modus vivendi* with Washington.

President Nixon has always been careful to say that his initiatives toward China were not an attempt to play Peking against Moscow. Nevertheless, it is true that, owing to the force of circumstances, the Kremlin must take notice of the new triangular game about to begin with each new situation that occurs in the world. An absurd situation that has lasted for decades is finally coming to an end. There is no further doubt that a nation of six- or seven-hundred million people cannot be kept outside the international forum of the United Nations any longer.

—*Le Figaro.*

## TOKYO:

DID THE government leaders and the Dietmen lose their contemplative faculties because of the shock of President Nixon's proposed visit to Peking? It would seem so, judging from the general line of business at the extraordinary Diet session that ended all too soon. Numerous questions still remain to be considered.

The political world now enters a period of summer slumber, there being no specific business. In such a situation, we had hoped that the opposition would have called for extension of the session to discuss the developments brought about by President Nixon's overture. But almost nothing was heard along this line.

President Nixon's visit to Peking implies a historic turning point in postwar international diplomacy; so it is vitally important to know what effect this Sino-American contact will have on Japan's position. A serious analysis should have been made on what course Japan should take in this fluid world situation. —*Mainichi Daily News.*

## BONN:

THE QUESTION of who profits most from the visit is answered differently. The fanatics in Mao's camp can tell him that Nixon is among the useful capitalistic idiots with whom it is possible to make a good bargain for the advantage of world revolution. The trip helps the President in an incalculable manner in regard to the Presidential elections in November 1972.... In Bonn, the question is only whispered regarding what the Germans can gain from an American-Chinese rapprochement. Moscow takes precedence for Bonn.... Climbing over the Chinese wall in Nixon's unabashed style is premature and unsuitable for us as long as the Berlin Wall cannot be dismantled stone by stone through patient talks designed to remove Soviet mistrust.

—*General Anzeiger.*

## PRAGUE:

WITH REGARD to the attempt to normalize the Chinese-American relations, world opinion is essentially united in welcoming such an action—anticipated in fact since 1969—insofar as it can be identified with a peaceful coexistence of states under different social systems. The absurd policy of the United States for many years was one of closed eyes toward existing reality, an unwillingness to recognize the existence of a new social system in China, and an obstinate rejection of the Soviet Union and the other socialist countries in reference to the admission of the Peoples Republic of China to the United Nations and its Security Council, where that country should ultimately assume its legitimate and inseparable position. —*Rude Pravo.*

## TAIPEI:

PEACE is not to be found in Peking. The people of this country cannot help wonder whether President Nixon's projected trip to the Chinese mainland is a "journey for peace" or a "junket for re-election." Mr. Nixon's announcement was accompanied by the revelation that his national security adviser, Henry Kissinger, had been in Peking for meetings with Chou En-lai, that master of smiling deceit. Ping-pong diplomacy has been succeeded by secret diplomacy. Both the free Chinese and the American people are left to wonder how many secret covenants remain unrevealed.

President Nixon has come a long way since 1948 when, as a young Congressman, he defeated a Leftist for a seat in the U.S. Senate. In those days, he was a dedicated anti-Communist.... Now we and all others of an anti-Communist persuasion are left to wonder where Mr. Nixon stands today and what price he has in mind to pay for the false hope of peace in our time and after. —*Free China Weekly.*

## MANCHESTER:

IT SEEMS likely that Peking has come to the conclusion that "Vietnamization" has reached a point of no return, and that the Americans are really going. Has Mr. Nixon given an assurance that all American troops will be withdrawn by a specific date (as the Senate is urging him), possibly even by May, 1972? Whether he has or not, the Chinese probably calculate that the prospect of his visit must hasten American withdrawal. Just as Hanoi has been able to benefit from the rising American domestic opposition to the war, so now Peking's dramatic invitation is bound to strengthen the voices for peace within America. To an extent the President has now put himself on probation. He will not want to risk the fiasco of President Eisenhower's proposed visit to Moscow, which collapsed in ruins over the U-2 affair.

—*The Guardian Weekly.*

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.



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# SR Goes to the Movies

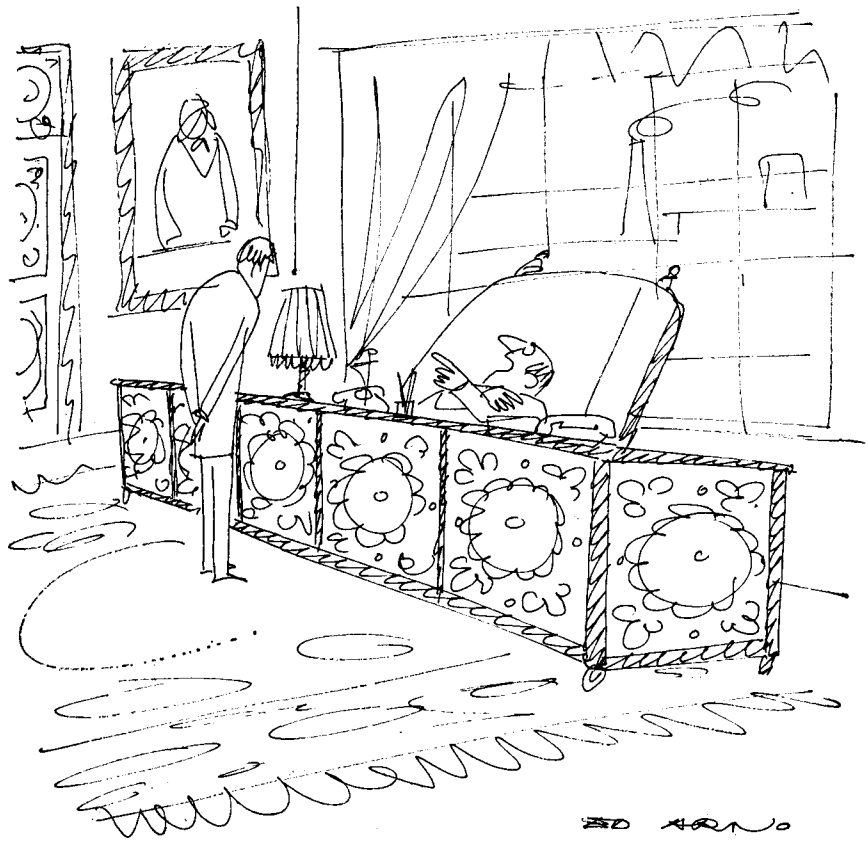
*Hollis Alpert*

## The Losey Situation

Two FILMS by Joseph Losey have opened here at almost the same moment, and while it was hardly the director's intention to invite comparisons, I must plunge in and do so. One of the two, *The Go-Between*, is an atmosphere-drenched period piece, lovingly and reflectively detailed to the point of slowness but not dullness. The other, *Figures in a Landscape*, taken from a Barry England novel, is a curiously ambiguous suspense tale involving a chase over unspecified terrain. The first is eminently successful and satisfying; the other is not, although it has its moments.

Losey is a director who has had not only his ups and downs but more than his share of hardships. *Figures in a Landscape* was completed more than a year ago, but Cinema Center Films, its American distributor, has not seen fit to release it until now. Meanwhile, *The Go-Between* was invited to Cannes and walked off with the grand prize, an event that perhaps galvanized Cinema Center out of its lethargy in regard to the other film. But there is another irony: MGM had financed *The Go-Between* and yet, in spite of the impression the film made at Cannes, chose to sell it to Columbia, a company, by the way, that seems to have a knack with prestigious films from abroad.

The mysteries of movie finance being almost unfathomable, we won't go into them, but it would surely be pardonable if Losey were to develop some paranoid reactions. Self-exiled to England during the witch hunts of the early Fifties, Losey stubbornly carved a new career for himself. Forced, at times, to work with shoddy producers, he had to sit by and watch some of his films mutilated for exhibition. In the case of *Eva*, he entirely disowned the film in its exhibited form. Then came his association with Harold Pinter, one that resulted in the haunting *The Servant* and, best of all, in *Accident*. Pinter has also done the screenplay of *The Go-Between*. The message is loud and clear. When Losey collaborates with Pinter, he is one of the world's finest directors. When he doesn't, he is hit-or-miss.



*"I am afraid this is not a propitious time for a raise, Adams. Or, as my father would have said, why the devil should I give you a raise? Or, as my grandfather would have said, GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!"*

Somehow, too, the casting is right when Losey and Pinter work together. Not only is Julie Christie, as the lovely product of a self-satisfied aristocratic British family, fitting in the role, she becomes a far better actress than she ordinarily is. Alan Bates, as a stalwart farmer and the secret beneficiary of her sexual favors, gives a model of a performance. The surprise, however, is Dominic Guard, as Leo, the youthful visiting relative to the country manse who is prevailed upon to carry messages back and forth between the mismatched lovers. One hardly expects a boy of thirteen or so to be a gifted actor; young Mr. Guard is both gifted and personable and, above all, persuasive. The extraordinary cast is further strengthened by Margaret Leighton and Michael Redgrave. And humor and sparkle are contributed by Edward Fox, a Boer War-scarred gentleman who rescues Miss Christie from the scandal and tragedy she has precipitated. Whatever possessed MGM to dispose of riches such as these?

No matter how skillful the director, he is still the prisoner of his script, and, to an extent, of his chosen players. Losey probably didn't have much choice for *Figures in a Landscape*. The script is the work of Robert Shaw, who is also the star. The intent here may have been allegory, but it comes out enigma. Shaw is one of two escapees who are being relentlessly pursued across a variety of landscapes by a helicopter and eventually what seems a whole army. The cause of the imprisonment of the pursued in the first place is not vouchsafed to us. Nor do we learn why it is so important to catch them. Since the film was shot in Spain, the countryside is familiar to any tourist, but again no names or places. Judging by their accents and their recollections during pauses in their flight, the escapees are probably meant to be English. They are not very wholesome, for they kill with little compunction anyone in their flight path. More deadly to the viewer are their conversations. They are some of the least interesting people ever met.

In addition to blaming Shaw for the dialogue, he must be chastised for his acting. He shouts and screams and blathers with such frenzied over-acting that one's sympathy eventually shifts to the helicopter, which is piloted and photographed brilliantly. Now and then there are echoes of the sorry state of our times—the heedless napalming of a bountiful crop, for instance—but I would have liked further clarification. *The Go-Between*, too, has its hints of the ineffable and the enigmatic, but Pinter is a past master at such verbal and visual poetry, and between him and Losey they manage to bring it off, the film being richer and rarer for it.



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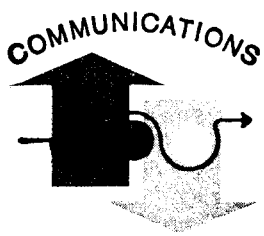


# Letters You Write to the Editor

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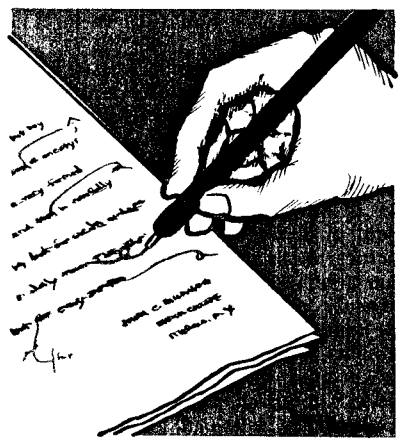

Whatever else the average American reads in his daily paper or weekly magazine, it is more than likely that he will turn to the letters-to-the-editor page. Every survey taken in recent years has put the letters page high on the list of readership response, in many cases at the very top. Not too many years ago, *Time* magazine thought so much of its letters to the editor that it put out a special periodical called *Letters*, which lasted longer than anyone thought it could out of context. In any case, reader response is basic to journalism everywhere, and, as every editor knows, when letters to the editor fall off something's seriously wrong. No such problem exists at *SR*, believe us.

One of the best letters this department has ever received came in a few days ago from William H. H. Wilkinson, Sr., of Mount Vernon, New York. Mr Wilkinson had been for some time at odds with the local paper because its editor had the habit, according to Wilkinson, of cutting the hell out of readers' mail prior to publication. Wilkinson was told: "The editor reserves the right to edit or condense any letter in the interest of brevity, readability, or propriety." But, our correspondent felt, alterations and omissions were so severe as to change the very meaning and bias of the reader's response.

The American Newspaper Publishers Association has a policy on letters to the editor that leaves to the discretion of the newspapers themselves how reader mail is to be used. *The New York Times*, however, assumes no such prerogative, makes major cuts only in consultation with the letter writer, goes back to the writer to get his permission for or to discuss omissions with him, and uses ellipses (. . .) to indicate when material has been deleted. A major cut is made only after consultation with the writer of the letter. The *Times*'s policy ensures that letters to the editor say just what the signed writer had in mind, with clear notations to signal omissions, if any. Wilkinson, after being sorely tried by his home press, feels that a newspaper should be free to accept or reject what a letter writer has written but that if the letter is accepted for publication over the writer's name, he has the right to expect that it will be printed more or less as written. For practical purposes, portions excised because of length can be clearly noted with ellipses or parentheses. In any case, while freedom of speech and freedom of the press include, as we said on this page in June, the right to refrain from speaking and publishing or to omit or turn down something for publication, the rights of a reader include basic, sensible obligations on the publisher's part. At the very least, the *Times*'s practice of using . . . to indicate material left out and of making major cuts only in consultation with the writer seems fundamental.

We try in our pages here never to change anyone's letter overmuch, and frequently we will send a letter back with a request that it be cut down in length or that the focus be brought down to one point instead of many. Seldom if ever, however, do we print only a sentence or two of a long letter to the editor without telling the writer so in advance and never so far out of context that it changes the basic meaning. Incidentally, letters of more than 200 to 300 words seldom make their way into any magazine or newspaper. The reason is very simple: In *SR*'s case, we get about a thousand words to a page and a letter that runs longer than one column infringes on the rights of our other readers to express themselves.

The law on letters to the editor is quite clear, though often misunderstood. The letter itself is regarded as copyrighted and belongs to the writer, but the paper on which it is written



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becomes the property of the recipient. In other words, what the writer has said is his missive and cannot be changed overmuch without violation of the code. On the other hand, if a famous man should, let us say, write a letter to the editor and sign it himself, the paper on which it is written, including perhaps a valuable autograph, belongs to the recipient. Moreover, the implied consent and license involved in sending a letter to the editor do not give the publication the right to put letters into book form without the author's specific consent. Obviously, if someone's opinion is so butchered in type as to hold him up to ridicule or to alter greatly what he had intended to say, the law of torts, including libel, becomes operative.

Letters can be intensely interesting to a readership when they stir controversy, are signed by relatively famous people, or express opinions violently opposed to the editorial stand of the publication. Good editors print a great many opposition opinions, a policy that seems to say to other readers how strong and secure the paper feels. Naturally, if someone libels others, there has to be an end somewhere, but, in general, it is far better to print the other side than columns of encomium to what has already appeared on the editorial page or in the news. In any case, every good editor knows the reader value of letters, the one feature a newspaper or magazine will, if it's sensible, publish whatever else has to be trimmed to space. —R.L.T.

## Guardian of All Freedoms

"A free press is the unsleeping guardian of every other right that freemen prize; it is the most dangerous foe of tyranny. . . . Under dictatorship the press is bound to languish, and the loudspeaker and the film to become more important. But where free institutions are indigenous to the soil and men have the habit of liberty, the press will continue to be the Fourth Estate, the vigilant guardian of the rights of the ordinary citizen."

—WINSTON CHURCHILL.

(In a less formal observation, Churchill once said: "I am always in favor of the free press, but sometimes they say quite nasty things.")

# Letters to the Communications Editor

### Illustrators and Pop Culture

STUART W. LITTLE's article "Are Illustrators Obsolete?" [*SR*, July 10] was an interesting survey of magazine illustration in twentieth-century America. One area Mr. Little did not mention is that of the broad humor found in much of contemporary illustration. Many young illustrators, as well as taking up the lead of Push-pin Studio, Max, etc., are turning to a new, funky satire and caricature. The roots of this syndrome began with William Hogarth and were Americanized by Thomas Nast, Boris Artzybasheff, the underground comics, and other journalistic surveyors. It is specifically this wedding of cerebral wit with the skills of yesterday's illustrator that is making today's illustrator the graphic spokesman for the "pop culture."

JOHN FREAS,
Assistant Professor,
Dept. of Illustration,
Philadelphia College of Art,
Philadelphia, Pa.

ONLY an unprincipled literary hack would blatantly pander to the nostalgia of *SR*'s forty-eight-year-old readers with a *Saturday Evening Post* cover and articles on Edward Stratemeyer, Norman Rockwell, Dohanos, *et al.* Awfully low-brow but completely wonderful!

JESSE L. MCDANIEL,
Kinston, N.C.

IN Stuart's Little otherwise well-documented recent article, an unfortunate and misleading assertion is made that art contests for students and alumni of the Famous Artists School take work away from needy professionals. To anyone who holds this opinion, I put the question: When does an amateur earn the right to professional status? Most art directors will offer the ready answer: When the artist can do the job.

By all standards, winners of FAS contests *are* professionals, and for such work they receive professional reward. It would be good if the artists whose pernicious opinions Mr. Little quoted took heed of the advice offered by the old philosopher Satchel Paige: "Don't look back. Somebody may be gaining on you!"

It is interesting to note that the article does a good job of proving illustrators are not obsolete—they have merely shifted emphasis.

FRITZ HENNING,
Director, Famous Artists School,
Westport, Conn.

### And Now Opaque Microforms

JOHN TEBBEL in "Micrographics: A Growing Industry" [*SR*, July 10] deals only with transparent micro*forms*. He leaves out the whole field of opaque microforms. Opaques are the ore of much literary and historical digging.

Looking into British history, for example, volumes of material have long been available on approximately 6" x 9" cards, lithographically produced, with the micro*print* in positive form, black print on white background, and put out by Readex. Lost Cause Press has made available a wealth of materials from U.S. history and literature on 3" x 5" photographic positives through the Micro*card* corporation. These are only two publishers filling this great research need. *Opaques* are commonly used with readers that enlarge and reflect the image.

Many researchers find that the use of *transparent* microforms requires them to use readers that project the words onto a glass or Fresnel screen in front of the user so that he or she is looking directly into the light source. Frequently, there is distortion or uneven lighting at the edges of the images. These faults and the intensity of the light source cause such eye strain for many researchers that they find it impractical to work for more than a few minutes at a time with transparent materials. Most libraries do have a long-time, standard, large reader for 35 mm newspaper files that projects the image onto an opaque white surface.

Storage and retrieval of transparent materials, especially for business to which libraries' needs have run a poor second, have become increasingly sophisticated. There probably isn't much money in adapting opaque materials to 1,000-pages-per-card size—maybe none at all. So the opaque materials will always demand more storage space than business will allow. Thus, the eyes, and the academic community, lose.

MRS. ELINOR J. GEORGE,
Littleton, Colo.

### Not All Papers Change

THE FOLLOWING remark, which was included in M. L. Stein's "Everything Changes—Even the Newsroom" [*SR*, July 10], can easily be misinterpreted: "Show me a newspaper that hasn't and doesn't change its assignment of staff members to meet changing conditions and I'll show you a newspaper that is on its way to joining the New York *Herald Tribune*, *World-Telegram*, . . . and other late publications ad infinitum." Such an impression may well be bolstered by Mr. Stein's own words: "It's time for publishers to move in a different direction. The memory of vanished newspapers that had remained loyal to old ways should stir them, if nothing else."

As a reference to the back-issue files will amply attest, both of these defunct dailies were in the vanguard insofar as the analytical approach to news developments was concerned. Each of them used the team-reporter concept, favoring the coverage of stories that warranted that treatment in depth. Yet, because of economic factors much too complex for consideration here, neither one survives.

On the other hand, the newspaper with the largest circulation in the country today remains rather sparing in its provision of background data as an aid to greater reader comprehension. Its watchword, quite clearly, is brevity. Since, as the old saying goes, "nothing succeeds like success," is that what a large segment of the

*(Continued on page 56)*



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# Should the FCC Reward Stations That Do a Good Job?

by MARCUS COHN

Section 307(d) of the Communications Act prohibits the Federal Communications Commission from granting broadcast license or license renewals for more than three years. The theory behind the thirty-six-month license is that the more often a station owner is held accountable for his performance, the greater will be his efforts to improve the quality of his programing. Indeed, when the three-year provision was written into the act, there was a great deal of discussion in Congress as to whether the license period should be for an even shorter period of time. Some thought a one- or two-year license would result in better programing, while others argued for a longer term. The three-year term was a compromise.

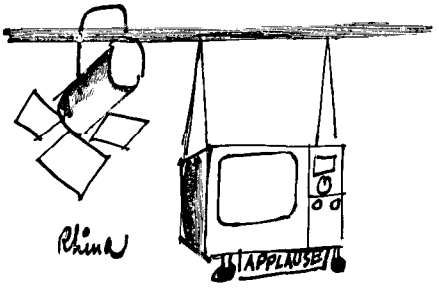
Since 1934, when the act was adopted, the broadcasting industry has made several attempts to have this period extended to five or six years, and, indeed, there have even been proposals that the licenses should have no expiration dates. None of these efforts has met with success.

Most applications for renewal of license are granted by the commission for the maximum three-year period. In granting these applications, it makes no distinction among those stations whose past performances have been excellent, average, satisfactory, or mediocre. As long as their performance has met the minimum standards, they all receive the same passing grade—a three-year license renewal.

Until 1960, the FCC either renewed applications for the three-year maximum period or denied them completely. Only in those rare instances where the licensee's "crime" was particularly grave did the commission deny the application and terminate the licensee's authority to operate the station. However, in those cases where the past performance was not particularly good but, on the other hand, was not grossly deficient, the commission almost always concluded that it was not so deficient as to warrant the imposition of the death penalty. Since the commission was loath to inflict the harsh punishment of refusing to grant a renewal of license, the net effect of the inflexible "go-no go" policy was that the commission granted virtually all license renewal applications for the full three-year period.

Under the act, the FCC has always had the authority to grant renewals of licenses for periods of less than three years. Nevertheless, it was not until 1960, when Congress amended the act to make it explicitly clear that the FCC could do so, that the commission began to exercise this authority. The public policy behind this move was an attempt to adopt a practical and realistic solution to a difficult enforcement problem. Since that time, the commission has granted a number of licenses that expired in six to twenty-four months. The reason for granting such short-term licenses varies from case to case. Such a license is granted most frequently when a station has engaged in a practice that violates a commission rule or policy, but has atoned for its sin and has promised to behave properly in the future. In such situations, the short-term license renewal serves the same function as probation in a criminal proceeding. It permits the commission to exercise discretion in assessing the severity of the penalty. Upon expiration of the short-term authorization, the station is required to file a new application for license renewal, which includes, of course, a detailed accounting of its operation during the interim probationary period. If the commission is satisfied that the station has mended its ways and that there is no likelihood of a recurrence of the offense, the license is granted for the standard three-year period.

At the same time that the commission adopted the short-term license procedure, Congress authorized it to impose fines of up to $10,000 on licensees who had violated commission rules. Such fines are unrelated to the *licensing* process; they may be levied at any time and are not related in any way to action on a station's application. Although the FCC frequently levies only a token fine of $100 or $1,000, in a number of cases the commission has imposed substantial fines up to the maximum permitted by law.




Thus, the entire thrust of the Communications Act and of the FCC regulatory policies has accentuated the negative. All passing students get the same grade, although the poorer students receive various kinds of black marks. But no one gets an A for succeeding, much less for trying hard

The commission lacks the power to give special recognition to those radio and television stations whose performances have been highly meritorious. It has nothing even remotely approaching an E flag, such as those the War Department gave to defense contractors for excellent performance during World War II. It doesn't even have a gold star it can paste on the renewal license of a deserving station. It is ironic that although it can and does reward its own employees for superior service with increases in salary, promotions, and certificates, the commission has no authority to give any award for excellence to the stations it licenses.

The net result of this limitation on its powers has been to dampen enthusiasm for excellence. The commission should have some carrots to pass out to outstanding broadcasters. Congress should amend the Communications Act so as to permit the commission to renew some licenses (maybe 5 or 10 per cent of the total) for periods of more than three years—up to, perhaps, as many as six years. (The Communications Act provides that non-broadcast licenses—those used, for example, by amateur stations or taxicabs—may be and are, indeed, almost automatically granted for a maximum of five years.)

In granting broadcast licenses for more than three years, the commission should, of course, consider the station's performance during a period that extends further back than just the three prior years. Three years of ex-

MARCUS COHN, of the Washington law firm of Cohn and Marks, is one of the nation's top legal men in television, radio, and the Federal Communications Commission



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cellent past performance may be too short a period of time to gauge the risk involved in renewing a license for four, five, or six years. On the other hand, a station that has had a highly meritorious performance record over six, nine, or twelve years is far more likely to continue it in the future than is a station with a comparatively short-term track record.

If the commission annually granted a handful of licenses for periods of more than three years, the effect upon the performance of all radio and television stations would be beneficial. In the first place, most stations would vie with one another for this unique award. They would do so—if for no other reason—in order to reduce the large expenses involved in the preparation, filing, and prosecution of renewal applications every three years.

Broadcasters live in varying states of general fear and trepidation of "renewal time," and, more particularly, they dread the agonizing period of the several months—frequently as many as five or six—that elapse before the commission acts on the application. They know only too well that the value of their stations' physical assets is relatively little when compared with the total value of the stations, as living entities, operating under licenses that last 1,095 days.

Broadcasters have the same yearning for peace of mind as do other businessmen. If they knew that excellence in programing might reduce by as much as one-half the frequency of those awesome judgment days—from once every three to once every six years—a number of them would jump at the opportunity to attempt to better their programing.

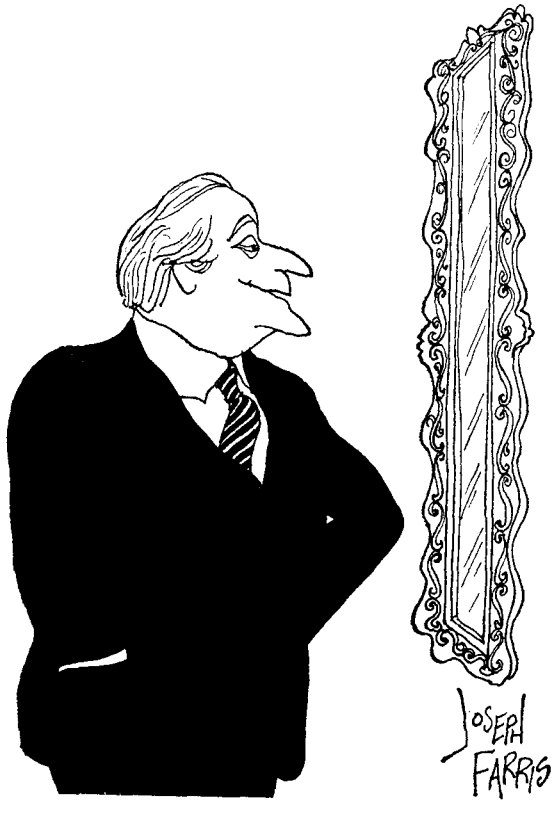
Not only would such awards give the commission greater assurance that the stations getting such an award would continue to excel in their performance but they would also have the effect of stimulating other stations to try to equal their performance. Obviously, a station that receives a five-year renewal of license will publicize its "Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval." Naturally, it will make this fact known to its audience as well as to its advertisers, placing other stations in the market at a comparative disadvantage in vying for audience and advertisers, the groups upon which all broadcasters depend. Thus, the awards would have the net effect of stimulating other stations to strive for similar honors.

In addition, the judicious use of the commission's power to award licenses for more than three years would stimulate greater public involvement in the performance of the stations. Today, most public involvement of this nature has been negative in its approach. Many groups of concerned citizens have complained to the FCC about the performance of stations, and these complaints have had an impact on commission decisions. Several stations have either been denied the renewal of their licenses or been given licenses for less than three years because of adverse comments from the public. However, if the commission were empowered to renew station licenses for more than the current maximum of three years, the public would have an opportunity to promote the recognition of outstanding stations.

It is a sad commentary on the efficacy and flexibility of the administrative process that the commission has no way in which to join in the applause bestowed on stations that win Peabody or DuPont awards. Authors, scientists, philosophers, and artists are honored for their excellence. High school and college students receive awards. Employees at General Motors and AT&T are recognized for superior performance. The FCC recently offered a $500 award for a new design of the official seal to replace the one it's been using since 1934. A number of monetary and other awards are given annually to federal employees, including those of the commission. We all love and respond to recognition, and, in this respect, broadcast licensees are no different from other people.

Last year, the FCC took a first halting step toward making an affirmative quality programing judgment when it coined the phrase "substantial service to the public." However, this phrase was coined in connection with, and was limited to, the unique procedural problem that arises at the commission when someone files a competing application against someone else's application for renewal of license. When such a situation arises, the commission is called upon to make a decision as to which of the two applications should be granted. The commission said that in this kind of instance the programing of an *existing* station that "substantially served the public interest" would almost always be preferred over any new applicant, regardless of what his future program promises were (and no matter what other attributes he might have). This was the first recognition by the commission that some kind of preference, some kind of an award (albeit one related only to the selection between applicants, not to the length of the license period), should be given to a station having a better than average past performance record.

But this new evaluation standard was short-lived. A few weeks ago, the U. S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia reversed the commission's 1970 Policy Statement, which would have given a licensee a built-in advantage against any and all new applicants for the channel if he could show that his programing had "substantially served the public interest." In a unanimous decision, the court held, first of all, that a licensee should not have any kind of advantage because he had "substantially" served the public interest. Secondly, said the court, an existing




*"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, which guest of David Frost's was best of all?"*



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owner whose license was challenged by a newcomer had, at a minimum, to prove that his past programing was "superior." Moreover, even if his programing were superior, that fact alone should not resolve the issue between the existing licensee and the newcomer. The commission may, said the judges, give the existing licensee a brownie point or two for "superior performance," but, in arriving at a decision between contending applicants, it would also be required to consider such other factors as local residence, the degree of integration of ownership with management, and policy of diversifying ownership of the media. In brief, what the court said was that "superior" programing should be recognized as an attribute, but not of the determinative kind that would foreclose a challenge to the station's license.

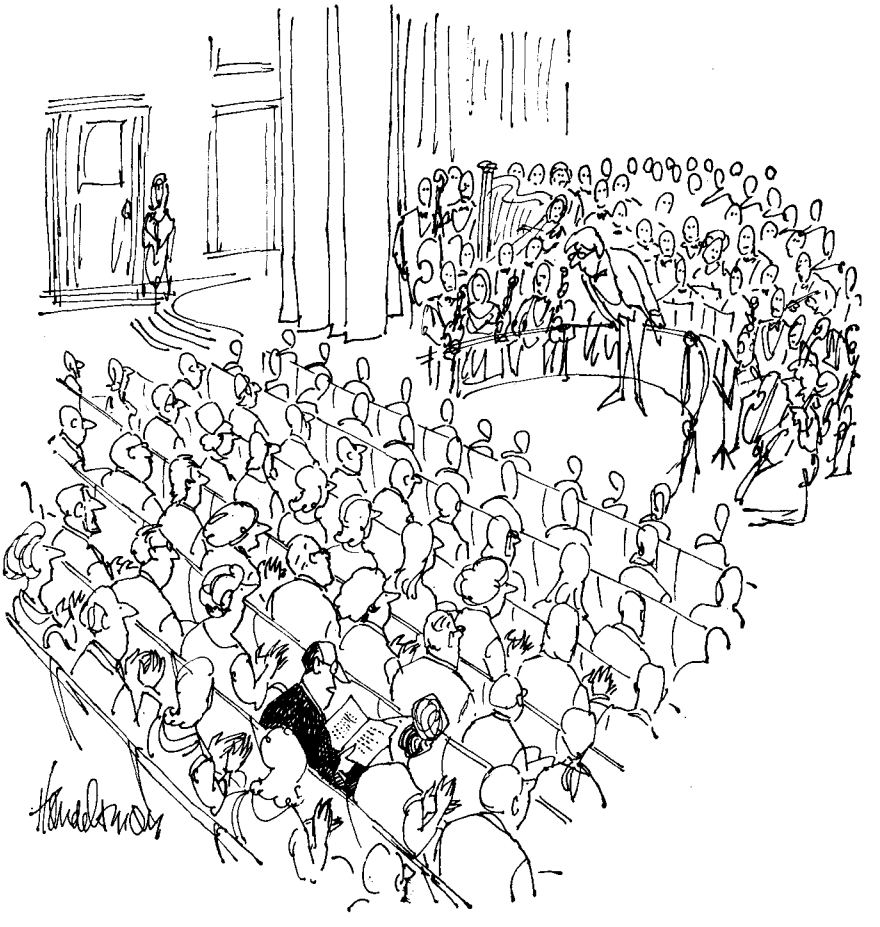
Although the court had no difficulty in upgrading the required quality of a licensee's programing from "substantial" to "superior," it had great difficulty in defining what constitutes the latter. It was able to reach with ease the comparatively simple negative notion that "superior programing" should not contain "excessive and loud advertising." But it was far less comfortable or specific when it came to exploring what were the affirmative ingredients of "quality programs" and of the "creative and venturesome in programing," as well as of "other forms of public service." One gets the impression that the court itself, without saying as much, recognized that these generalizations lacked meaningful guidelines. Indeed, it concluded its discussion of the subject by ducking any specific value judgments of its own, shifting the responsibility to the commission, and suggesting that one of the tests of whether a station's programing had been of a "superior" quality would be "whether and to what extent [the licensee] . . . has reinvested the profit on his license to the service of the viewing and listening public."

One possible argument against the concept of giving stations a license for more than three years—as the quality (whether "substantial" or "superior") of their past programing warrants—is that larger stations, and particularly those in major metropolitan areas, would have a built-in advantage because of their general profitability. They have more resources—manpower and money—to spend on improving the quality of their programing. The smaller station, in a smaller market, it could be argued, would be deprived of this opportunity, and thus there would be built into the procedure an unfair disadvantage to the smaller station. However, the commission could consider this disadvantage; since every station is required to file certain basic financial information with the FCC, the commission might well, when weighing the quality of programing, give consideration to the amount of financial resources that the station had at its disposal, thus eliminating the disadvantage to the smaller station. As long as such a station could prove that the percentage of the money it devoted to improving the quality of its programing was comparable to that of rich brother in the big market, it would stand on an equal footing.

Another possible objection to the granting of licenses for more than three years is that it would be difficult for the commission—as it has been for the courts—to determine the ingredients that should go into evaluating the quality of programing in order to qualify stations for renewals of more than three years. Of course, the criteria for such awards are not reducible to mathematical formulas. Such judgments will always be difficult to make.

But those who make value judgments should not seek certainty. The schoolteacher who is required to give specific grades and the judge who is required to define such vague and amorphous terms as "negligence," "reasonable man," "insanity," and "unfair trade practices" should not, and do not, expect their judgments to have scientific accuracy. If these professionals have been able to make quality judgments, the commission ought to be able to make them also.

The commission has made tough and agonizing judgments when it has reduced the term of a station's standard three-year license renewal or levied a fine of from $100 to $10,000. If the commission has been able to make those kinds of negative quality judgments, it certainly has the capability to make affirmative quality judgments as well.



*"In the first movement, the brasses are captured and enslaved by the strings. The second movement sees outbreaks of anger among the trumpets, leading to violent confrontations with the bass viols, the pigs of the orchestra. The third movement is marked by increasing militancy among the trombones, while the power of the strings is broken by disillusionment and the dropping-out of the second violins, and mass defection by their traditional allies, the woodwinds. Percussion, representing reality, drums it like it is in the final movement, until all sections agree to sit down and dialogue on the basis of mutual respect."*



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# Jocks and Their Ghosts

by HAL HIGDON

A new hazard has been added to the job of managing in the major leagues. In past seasons, all a baseball manager needed to contemplate was when to relieve his starting pitcher. Now he must worry about which of his players may have tape recorders tucked in their lockers registering for posterity his miscues and tantrums. After all, look what happened to poor old Joe Schultz following publication of Jim Bouton's taped autobiography *Ball Four*. The former Seattle Pilots manager will be remembered forever for wandering around the clubhouse mumbling two four-letter words in combination.

Such language once would have been unthinkable in a sports book. Also missing would have been the candor of Bouton, who pictured Mickey Mantle and himself as hotel roof peeping Toms. "A decade ago athletes were idols," recalls *Sport* magazine editor Al Silverman. "Joe Di Maggio's *Lucky to Be a Yankee* was a paean to baseball. There was nothing in it about his problems as a celebrity or with his wife. That's changed now."

Also changed is the profitability of sports books, which appear now with increased regularity on the best-seller list. Jerry Kramer's Green Bay Packers diary, *Instant Replay*, sold 190,000 copies in hardcover. Bouton's *Ball Four* batted 200,000. Both also have flourished in paperback, itself an oddity. The typical sports book of the past had a shelf life of maybe three months before a new season with its new heroes outdated it and made paperback publication fruitless. Now dozens of paperbacks by and about athletes appear. "Sports books lately have come into the realm of real publishing," says Ron Buehl of Tempo Books. "They used to be written for children and idiots. Now they're aimed at a broader market."

The most successful in the genre are the inside books "written" by the athlete himself, usually with the assistance of a collaborator or ghost. "A ghost writer is exactly that," explains Al Hirshberg. "He writes the book but gets no credit. A collaborator openly writes the book, but with 'as told to' or 'and' or 'with' before his name on the cover. Collaborating happens to be Hirshberg's specialty, and his thirty-four published books include joint efforts with a prison warden, a missionary's widow, and a drug-addicted doctor—in addition to Carl Yastrzemski, Jim Piersall, and Bob Cousy.

Hirshberg once chased Cousy on tour from Des Moines to Lincoln to Denver to obtain enough information to complete *Basketball Is My Life*. He fled to the Catskills with Carl Yastrzemski and their families one Thanksgiving weekend to finish *Yaz*. Hirshberg identifies his most reluctant collaborator as Ken "Hawk" Harrelson, Yaz's former teammate, who would smilingly agree to appointments, then never appear. "I finally solved the problem by taking a recorder to his hotel room in Boston and practically hitting him over the head with it." Whether for that reason or not, *Hawk* was one of Hirshberg's most unsuccessful books.

The average sports biography, according to Silverman, sells around 12,000 copies, providing a better income than that available to first novelists—but, on the other hand, big-name athletes often command $100,000-a-year salaries. They can make more money signing autographs at supermarkets than writing books. For this reason, stars often collaborate reluctantly and some of the most readable sports autobiographies have come from the pens (or at least mouths) of relatively obscure athletes such as Brosnan, Bouton, and Kramer. "My best books were with players who weren't superstars," says author Dick Schaap. Nevertheless, publishers still seek the memoirs of each year's winning Superbowl quarterback or World Series batting star.

Cincinnati Red outfielder Pete Rose once said about his autobiography, *The Pete Rose Story*, "It was the first book I ever read." Rose's ghost, Dick Perry, turned redder than Rose's sweat shirt when he heard the remark. Many athletes, conditioned by quickie postgame interviews with newspaper reporters, have little comprehension of the amount of effort required for a book. Al Silverman taped twenty-four hours of interviews with Gale Sayers (and another dozen hours with his friends) to enable him to ghost *I Am Third*. He found the Bear running back eager to cooperate. "Gale hoped his story would inspire ghetto youngsters," says Silverman. But when another writer, Larry Bortstein, first sat down with basketball great Oscar Robertson, the athlete seemed almost belligerent. Robertson talked for several hours, then ended: "Okay, is that enough for your book?" Bortstein convinced Oscar that more time was necessary, and eventually their relationship warmed. Robertson would telephone long distance when an idea occurred to him. Bortstein, a lifetime Knicks fan, soon was horrified to discover himself rooting for the Milwaukee Bucks.

John Underwood and Ted Williams became close friends while collaborating on *My Turn at Bat* and later *The Science of Hitting*. "Williams essentially is a loner," says Underwood. "Yet he craves people around him if he feels comfortable with them." Williams was a guest at Underwood's Florida home while negotiating with the Washington Senators for his return to baseball as a manager. Underwood, much to his embarrassment, actually found Williams turning to him for advice. On another occasion, when the two were fishing off the Florida Keys, Williams practically capsized a small boat when he stood up to demonstrate for Underwood the "proper" batting stance.

Sports books often get written in unusual places. Curtis Casewit, while authoring a how-to-ski book with Olympic coach Bob Beattie, conducted interviews as they shared a chair lift up the mountain. Then Casewit would ski downhill in Beattie's wake hoping to catch him before he started up again. He found he had to take notes with pencil because ballpoint pens froze. Physical fitness expert Jack LaLanne did situps, pushups, and handstands on the furniture while talking with his ghost, John Wesley Noble. Noble went from 228 to 175 pounds researching *The Jack LaLanne Way to Vibrant Good Health*.

One of Noble's main problems was that his tape recorder failed to capture accurately the exercises LaLanne would invent and demonstrate during interviews. "Jack would have to redo the exercise again and again so I could describe it clearly in print." The development of not only more sensitive but more transportable tape recorders actually may be an important factor in the increased quality of recent sports autobiographies. "The main reason I use a tape recorder," explains Hirshberg, "is to find out how my subjects talk, so I won't be writing in their words something they wouldn't say, or in a way they wouldn't say it." Not all

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HAL HIGDON of Michigan City, Indiana, is author of eight books and recently ghosted his own autobiography, *On the Run from Dogs and People*, describing his adventures as a long-distance runner and competitor in the Boston Marathon.



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ghosts, however, exercise the care of Hirshberg.

Sometimes it is out of necessity. Back in the early Sixties Bill Surface contracted to author a book with Rogers Hornsby, the baseball great. Hornsby bade Surface accompany him to Arlington Park, a race track outside Chicago, saying he would answer questions between races. Once there, however, Hornsby announced: "If we're going to talk baseball, we've got to get some winners first. You're from Kentucky. Go down to where they're saddling and get some tips."

Surface soon found himself spending more time interviewing trainers than Hornsby. In desperation he finally turned to newspaper files and friends of the old ballplayer. He would tell the gathered stories to Hornsby, who would echo: "Yeah, that's what happened. Write it that way." Thus after *My War with Baseball* appeared, Surface was disconcerted to have sportswriters approach him and say: "It reads just like Hornsby. That's exactly the way he talked."

Bob Ottum had similar problems while working with surfer Phil Edwards to produce *You Should Have Been Here an Hour Ago*. Ottum would pace up and down the beach at Dana Point, California, trying to find out what it felt like riding the crest of a big wave. "Man, it's so great, so bitchin'," Edwards would explain, "that I can't tell you how great it is." Ottum could barely swim, much less surf; so he retreated to his East Coast home and stared at a wall while constructing sentences such as: "You must one day, one time in your life, stand up on the top of a monster wave with wind blowing spray like stinging little needles into your flanks." Later Ottum showed the manuscript to Edwards. "Yeah, man. That's the way I said it is—'bitchin'."

Both Surface and Ottum swear they never again will ghost another book for an athlete. Surface's most recent book, *The Hollow*, describes life in Appalachia. Ottum soon will publish *All Right, Everybody Off the Planet*, a science fiction novel.

Silverman, who has collaborated with Phil Rizzuto, Paul Hornung, and Frank Robinson, in addition to Gale Sayers, feels that ghosting books can be a frustrating occupation. "The best you can do is to be true to the subject and capture him as he is. The book's not really you." Myron Cope worked with football player Jim Brown on his autobiography, but doesn't want to do it again, "for the simple reason that writing a book properly is extremely hard work, and then you have to split the royalties."

Actually some of the most successful athletic sports autobiographies were ones in which the ghost's contribution was negligible or nonexistent. Unaided, Jim Brosnan wrote *The Long Season* in 1960 while pitching for the St. Louis Cardinals. Perhaps because Brosnan was a mediocre pitcher, he didn't feast on statistics but concentrated instead on clubhouse chatter and his partiality for martinis after the game. "My publishers wanted me to delete most of the martinis," recalls Brosnan, "but *Sports Illustrated* had bought an excerpt and they wanted more martinis put in." The magazine won, and the era of adult sports books began.

Several critics lambasted Brosnan for demeaning the dignity of the game. "Mostly these were people on the outside, newspaper reporters jealous of my easy access to the clubhouse," Brosnan claims. "None of the ballplayers minded. When I was with Cincinnati writing my second book [*Pennant Race*], my teammates would volunteer information. Wally Post once said: 'Hey, I just knocked nine balls out in batting practice. Don't you think that ought to be in the book?' I did and it was."

The Cincinnati management, however, tried to stifle any further in-season writing attempts and, when Brosnan objected, traded him to the White Sox. When he joined his new team he was told by manager Ed Lopat, "You're pitching tonight," and by general manager Ed Short, "You're not going to do any writing here either."

Now out of baseball, Brosnan continues to work as a free-lance writer but has failed to duplicate his early success. Perhaps it is because, like other reporters, he now must view the game from the outside. Ten years after publication of *The Long Season*, another mediocre pitcher published a similar diary book. One of the critics who feels Jim Bouton told too much in *Ball Four* is Jim Brosnan.

Another athlete, or at least pseudo-athlete, who writes unghosted is George Plimpton, editor of the *Paris Review* and rookie quarterback *poseur*. Plimpton's *Paper Lion* is the best book written about pro football—maybe about any sport—because he captured with absolute fidelity how the average fan might feel given the opportunity to try out for a professional football team. "I used participation only as an excuse to give me an opportunity to scrutinize the sport," explains Plimpton. In doing so, however, he became an insider, as were Brosnan before him and Kramer and Bouton after him.

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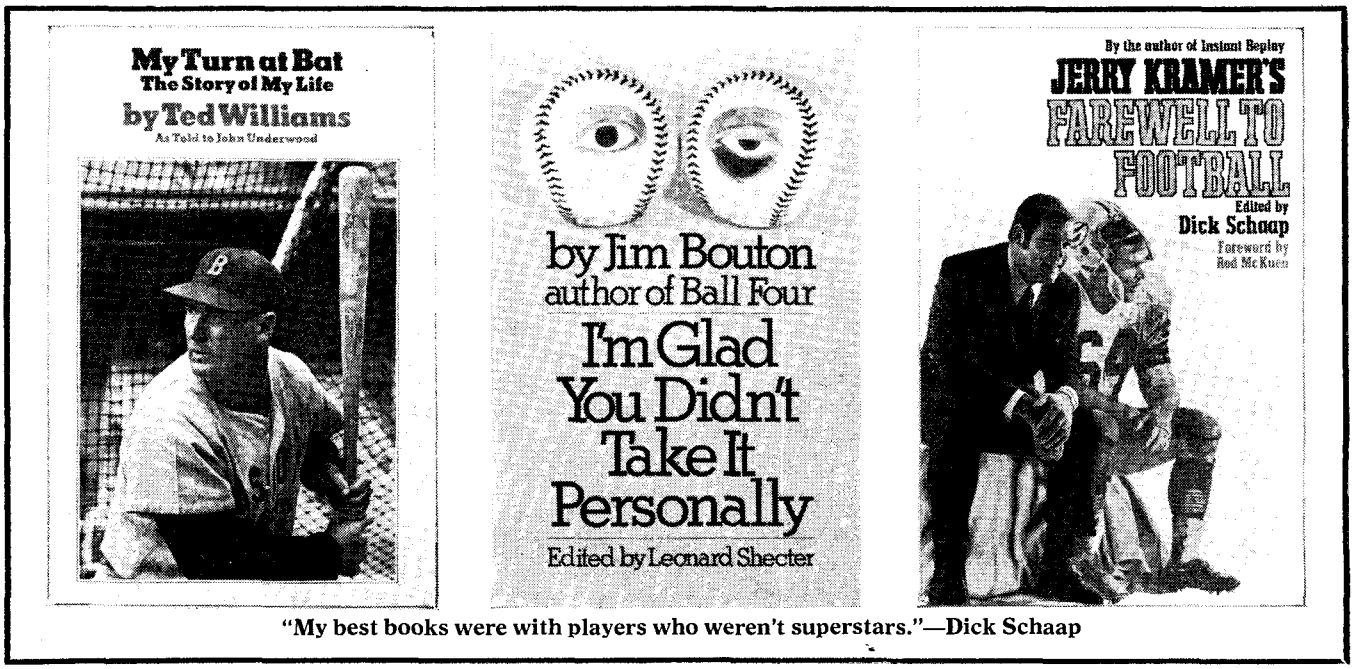


**"My best books were with players who weren't superstars."—Dick Schaap**



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# News Access Isn't Only A Washington Problem

by M. L. STEIN

Last May, seven newsmen were ejected from a closed meeting of the Greenville, South Carolina, Civil Service Commission. Honolulu Mayor Frank F. Fasi denied *Star-Bulletin* reporters access to his office and to those of department heads for nearly a year before lifting the ban a few months ago. The Missouri Attorney General has said that it's all right for the St. Louis Police Department to withhold records. In Gary, Indiana, the *Post-Tribune* complained recently to the state superintendent of public instruction about secret meetings of the local school board.

These are typical manifestations of press control at local, county, and state levels throughout the United States. Such issues as the Pentagon papers, contempt threats against CBS, and the paucity of Presidential press conferences take the spotlight in the freedom of information battle, but the fighting is just as bloody at city hall. There are scores of mayors, county supervisors, state legislators, and other officials who are about as concerned over the public's right to know as was Czar Nicholas I. Star-chamber legislative hearings, hidden records, and closed council meetings—the euphemism is "executive session"—are commonplace problems for reporters. Frequently, their job is made tougher by an acquiescent public that becomes aroused only when it has a personal stake in disclosure. An example is a group representing Californians with Spanish surnames that started court action to compel state authorities to open personnel records revealing minority employment statistics. And, of course, every city hall reporter is familiar with the special-interest delegation that departs en masse from a council meeting as soon as its gripe is acted upon.

Denial of access persists despite the fact that thirty-four states have some kind of open-meeting and open-record laws. Nine states have only open-meeting laws, and six others only open-record statutes. New York, the communications center of the nation, has neither. Nor do Mississippi, Rhode Island, South Carolina, and West Virginia.

Access laws, however, may be misleading. Many of the provisions are weak and vague—easily circumvented by secrecy-minded officeholders. Richard P. Kleeman, a Washington correspondent for the *Minneapolis Tribune* and chairman of Sigma Delta Chi's Freedom of Information Committee, said: "The open-meeting, open-record laws are of varying scope and quality. Too often these laws contain loopholes, and, where they do not, public officials frequently contrive to evade their intent."

A similar view was taken by Dr. Paul Fisher, director of the University of Missouri's Freedom of Information Center, who noted that the access statistics "mean very little."

"We are counting all kinds of laws, actually," he explained. "Some states are rated as having an open-records law, although in fact they have nothing but a statute regulating the activities of the state archivist. Other states limit access only to the local or county level. Many of the state laws have little in common relative to the conditions of attending meetings or inspecting records."

Case histories logged by Sigma Delta Chi and the FOI Center reveal a number of successful efforts to erect barriers between the newsman and his sources in states with so-called open-government laws.

The Ohio House of Representatives last January invoked a "never-used" section of the state constitution that states: "The proceedings of both houses shall be public, except in cases which, in the opinion of two-thirds of those present, require secrecy." Ohio, which has both open-meeting and open-record laws, has been considered by legislators around the country as a model of open-government practices.

In the same month, the Webb City, Missouri, Personnel Board voted to bar the press and public from all regular meetings. The board member who made the motion said it seemed that every time the board had a meeting it "resulted in a lot of bad publicity."

Last year, the Texas Daily Newspaper Association aided the court fight by the tiny school district of Toyah, which claimed it was annexed to a larger district at a private meeting of the Reeves County Board of School Trustees. In Sausalito, California, the City Council met secretly at the home of the Mayor to select a new councilman. California's Brown Act, providing for access to public meetings, is considered one of the best in the nation. Meetings in private homes are, incidentally, quite popular with many city councils, school boards, and other official bodies. Other favorite hideouts include firehouse back rooms and mayoral offices.

In New York City, whose charter calls for open government, ten councilmen took legal action to force the city's housing and development administrator to make public a Rand Corporation study that reportedly is critical of several city housing laws. In another challenge, the city's Human Resources Commission was accused of refusing to list its contracts and the amount of money spent on consultants. Just after Virginia adopted a freedom of information act, the Suffolk *News-Herald* called attention to a secret meeting of the county school board at which it approved the purchase of two removable classroom units.

State university trustees also are inclined to closed-door sessions. Richmond O. Brown, a graduate student at the University of Missouri's school of journalism, found in a study that "some trustees take seemingly extreme measures to prevent the transactions of these state institutions from being known even to the administrative staffs of the institutions involved."

Newsmen and affected citizens can rarely find a valid reason for all these clandestine operations. Occasionally, the administration or Congress can legitimately drape the cloak of national security over their secret deliberations, but there is no such excuse at the state, county, or municipal levels. Investigation may indicate that a closed meeting or barred record is an attempt to conceal blunders, mismanagement, theft, nepotism, or favoritism. In other cases, the reason is much more apparent: an arrogant, public-be-damned attitude on the part of like private clubs. Robert M. White II,



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editor and publisher of the *Mexico* (Missouri) *Ledger* and chairman of the American Society of Newspaper Editors' (ASNE) Freedom of Information Committee, said:

> In city after city across the nation, reporters consistently face the age-old problem of the city official, from the highest level to the lowest, who finds reasons not to reveal his mistakes, his follies, his less than well done job. The same is true at the county and state level. However, there is another side of the coin. Every newspaper and news medium in the country wishes it had the quality of staff required to really dig out the misdeeds at city halls and state houses. Few of us have that much of a staff. So there is sometimes a successful kind of censorship solely because of our own inability to do that which we day to day try to do and to which we are dedicated.

When thwarted by open-access laws, some officials use other means to harass, intimidate, or otherwise make the news media's job more difficult. Proposals to license newspapermen were introduced in the Michigan and Puerto Rico legislatures. In North Dakota and Idaho, state senates recently considered measures that would require all editorial writers to sign their editorials. Two years ago, the California Senate passed a bill to make newsmen liable to criminal penalties for publishing or broadcasting "false or misleading information" that could cause violence. This year, a bill to levy a one-cent-per-copy tax on daily newspapers throughout the state was introduced into the Arkansas House. Then, of course, there is the Chicago method of simply beating up reporters on the streets.

The subpoena power, which many newsmen regard as a serious threat to press freedom, is wielded in the states more often than it is in Washington. Only seventeen states have "shield" laws protecting reporters and their sources from subpoenas requiring them to produce information. Where there is no such law, the reporter can be cited for contempt and jailed for refusing to make the disclosure. Paul Pappas, a New Bedford, Massachusetts, television reporter-cameraman, is appealing a lower court's decision demanding that he testify about Black Panther activities he witnessed. In New Jersey, a loophole in the state's shield law was used to force three newsmen to testify in a criminal case involving a Newark teachers' strike. Sigma Delta Chi reported that the prosecutor used their copy to help gain the conviction of David Selden, president of the American Federation of Teachers, who was sentenced to sixty days.

As chilling as all these incidents are, it must be noted that the freedom of information struggle is not always a losing one. Recently, in fact, there have been some striking victories, many of which are the result of pressures brought by such organizations as Sigma Delta Chi, ASNE, state press associations, and individual newspapers and broadcast stations.

Last year, the Indiana General Assembly adopted rules calling for open committee meetings and for recorded votes of their final actions. The South Dakota Attorney General backed Gene Chamberlin, publisher of the *Mobridge Tribune*, in his complaint about secret school board and teacher association meetings. In a unanimous decision, the Florida Supreme Court ruled that almost any governmental secrecy violates American concepts of a democratic government. It said that official bodies cannot hold closed-door sessions—whether a quorum is present or not—unless they can prove that secrecy is in the public interest. Also in Florida, the House of Representatives defeated a bill forcing newspapers to reveal upon demand the authors of letters to the editor. The Maryland legislature enacted open-meeting laws for Cecil County organizations supported in whole or in part by public funds. The Windom, Minnesota, City Council reversed its earlier decision not to publish proceedings of its meetings in the *Cottonwood County Citizen*. The paper's editor, Ken Anderson, had polled community residents, who overwhelmingly said they wanted the news published.

These gains must be weighed against particular losses, such as in West Virginia, where the state Senate voted down an open-meeting bill, and in Alabama, where Bob Hawkins, reporter for the weekly *Sumter County Journal*, was arrested and charged with trespassing as he tried to cover a Livingston University student meeting.

Very rarely do newsmen receive help from the public at large. "One distressing phase of this whole matter is the generally low public support for efforts to obtain information on its behalf," said Professor Leslie G. Moeller of the University of Iowa school of journalism, chairman of the Association for Education in Journalism's Freedom and Responsibility Committee.

"Most citizens seem content to let public bodies operate in considerable secrecy. It is rather unusual to find

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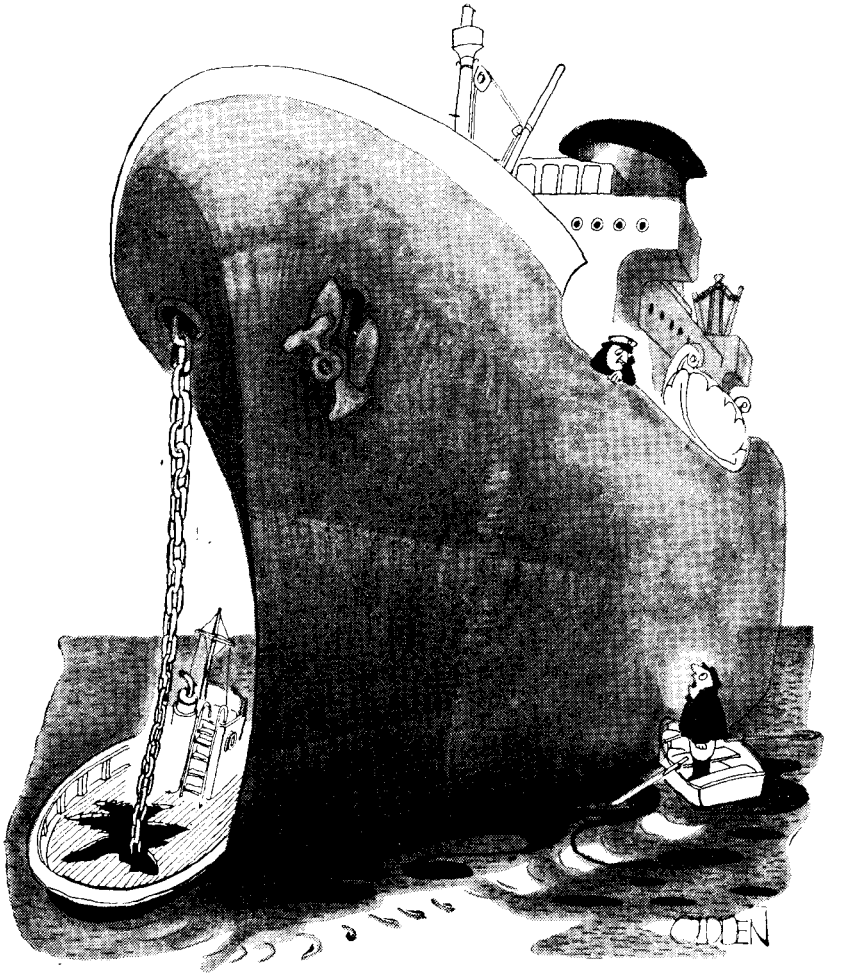


*"Excuse me, but I've got something to report."*



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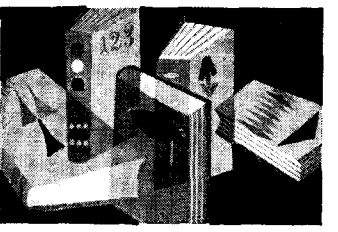
# Books in Communications



## neWWsboy

Like FDR's cigarette holder, Walter Winchell's gray, snap-brim fedora telegraphed his mood. "The fedora could be cocked over one ear for comic effect, à la Durante," writes Bob Thomas in an evocative opening to his biography *Winchell* (Doubleday, $7.95). "It could be pushed down on the eyebrows for a look of skepticism. Or it could be shoved back on his head: Reporter at Work."

Winchell operated out of his hat. He loved any tricky sort of self-advertisement, such as "neWWsboy." He delivered the staccato, 197-words-a-minute news flashes on his fifteen-minute Sunday night Jergens broadcasts with his hat on his head, rearranging the pieced-together script until air time. In his busiest years earning up to $970,000 writing the column and doing the broadcasts, Winchell kept only one secretary, a sparsely furnished city apartment, and the radio-equipped car with police lights in which he went on early-morning crime prowls with Damon Runyon.

The column originated in his vaudeville years in one-sheet bulletins of trade gossip and jokes on the backstage board. His first legitimate outlet was Bernarr Macfadden's *New York Graphic*. His feuding began then with the managing editor, Emile Gauvreau, who, dismayingly, followed him to the *Mirror*, with Ed Sullivan, Louis Sobol, George Jessel, Westbrook Pegler, and the lengthening ranks of antagonists to make his D-D (Drop-Dead) list. Abandoned by his father as a boy, neglected by his mother, Winchell reacted wildly to suspected disloyalty or demonstrated disaffection. His thirty-four years on Page 10 of the New York *Daily Mirror* began in 1929. Publishing hundreds of items in a week, many contributed by a pack of competing press agents expected to provide five "free" items to one pay-off plug, Winchell managed a rate of accuracy once calculated by *The New Yorker* at under 50 per cent. Perversely, Winchell's two biggest legitimate news beats misfired. Following the attempted assassination of Roosevelt, Steve Hannagan, who handled publicity for Miami, pulled the exclusive quotes out of Winchell's Zangara interview to distribute them among the wire services. The day Lepke surrendered to federal authorities through Winchell, Hitler invaded Poland.

From backstage Broadway, Winchell moved into the wider political arena to back FDR and J. Edgar Hoover—about the only major names exempt from his verbal punishment. His philosophy of journalism could be reduced to two lines of advice to a beginning columnist: "Don't be too lavish with the praise, kid. Find someone big to knock. You'll get attention." Winchell himself found Hitler. In his latter years, his aim went wild, attacking Forrestal, earning the enmity of Truman, siding with McCarthy. He turned against old friends: Barry Gray, Leonard Lyons, Arthur Godfrey, and, eventually, Sherman Billingsley, whose Stork Club Winchell turned into "the New Yorkiest place in New York."

Thomas's shrewd, compelling biography goes beyond giving the essence of Winchell. It pins down a style of journalism that is not gone, just adapted and assimilated today in the most respected newspapers and magazines. Winchell's idiom has influenced the language. His restless curiosity has been legitimatized even by *The New York Times*, which has its own way of putting out dot-dot-dot items. The way Winchell wore his hat on his radio broadcasts came across as rudness on the TV screen; the frenetic delivery on camera made audiences nervous. No one in the end wrote more eloquently of Winchell than his own estranged son in a letter to Gene Fowler. Thomas does about everything right in his Winchell book, including his ending it with the son's suicide and Winchell's final muted note of retirement.

**Video Spin-Off:** *Eye on the World*, Walter Cronkite (Cowles, $8.95), is one of those superficially handsome spin-off books out of televisionland that are not so much written as thrown together. The outsize format covers a multitude of omissions. Among them are dates and sources for historical facts, for the book purports to give a broadcaster's view of the major happenings of 1970, and even the "by" in the above byline significantly is absent. Hardest of all to pin down in a book of this pretension is simple authorship. Certainly the author was not Cronkite.

Mr. Cronkite, pressed into blessing a group effort, characterized the book as the melding of two media—the immediacy of on-the-scene reporting and "the opportunity of reflection offered by the permanence of print." Print offers no such beneficence. Pieces of actual telecasts are impressive, such as the eyewitness accounts of the tiger cages in South Vietnam, John Laurence's simple and honest reporting of "Charlie Company," and Peter Arnett's chillingly all-encompassing quotation from an American major in Vietnam, "Well, we had to destroy the town to save it." But the surrounding text cannot raise these honorable fragments of journalism up to meaningful or readable history.

**Awareness and Lethargy:** A successful marriage of text and visual expression can be found in *The Audio-Visual Man*, edited by Pierre Babin (Pflaum Press, $5.95), an examination, really, of how audio-visual effects can be used in religious education. Yet Babin takes an utterly non-parochial approach. The format consists of short chapters, full-page illustrations, and heavy repetition of material. It is suggestive, inexplicit, and symbolic, like the media whose uses it promotes. Few textbooks have succeeded as well as this in articulating the differences between the word learners and the visual image learners, and in pointing up the paradoxical coexistence of awareness and indifference, involvement and numb lethargy, in the world of the audio-visual man.

**Anthology for the Classes:** An anthology of magazine pieces organized as a textbook for journalism classes turns out to be such a good idea in *Mass Media and the Popular Arts*, edited by Fredric Rissover and David C. Birch (McGraw-Hill, $5.95), that one wonders why it has not been attempted more often. The use of magazine pieces preserves the immediacy of the media. The editors, moreover, have organized the material in such an intelligent fashion as to define the popular arts and illuminate the broad social themes they deal with. They have taken the trouble to react to their material by framing questions to provoke the student to further independent study.

**Appraising the Media:** *The Fourth Estate* by John L. Hulteng and Roy Paul Nelson (Harper & Row, $4.50) is a syllabus of the media that goes beyond the city room. Newspapers and their workings are covered in basic terminology, but the book delves into the operations of such other opinion-making fields as the intellectual magazines and book publishing, including data on how books are sold, serialized, and even remaindered, taking the bad with the good. —STUART W. LITTLE.



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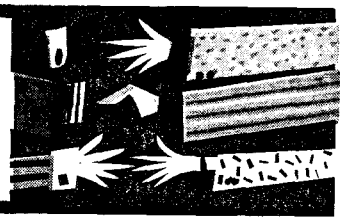
# Public Relations



## The Why of Xerox

The thumping that big business is getting from all directions has the more thoughtful senior corporate executives deeply worried. And well they might be. It is now clear that there will be no abatement in the blows from consumer groups, Congress, environmentalists, students, academicians, minorities, and urbanists until large corporations are able to prove by their performance that they are as deeply concerned with the quality of our national life as are their adversaries. A cosmetic job will not do. How the corporations behave, not what they say, is the criterion by which they will be judged.

In their floundering for an answer, for an easing of the attacks, many corporation heads are blaming their public relations departments. If only, the argument goes, they could get better communicators, their problems would disappear. If only the politicians and the media would stop criticizing, the public would stop being agitated to demand change. What these company executives have not yet learned is that until they realize that we are going through a major adjustment in our society and that the corporation cannot avoid being part of this change, they will continue to be in hot water.

A corporation's relations with the public are generally no better than it deserves. Hiring and firing public relations men and increasing the flow of good news will not silence the uproar. There will be no improvement until chief executives realize that their own activities—how they direct their companies, how they adapt to new social attitudes—count most. A serious look at a company that has a good public reputation is instructive.

Xerox Corporation's success with the public was not attained through black magic, gimmicks, or hocus-pocus and did not come because its public relations counsel, Paul Garrett, and its vice president in charge of communications, David Curtin, are wizards, exceptional though these men are. Xerox's good standing with the public is the result of the genuine commitment of Joseph C. Wilson, who built the company, to his philosophy that the corporation is an integral part of society and has inherent social responsibilities that it must fulfill if it is to be permitted to function by the community at large. "Inevitably," Mr. Wilson says, "the corporation is involved in economic, social, and political dynamics whether it wills it or not."

Mr. Wilson holds that "the only stability in society, either in business or outside of it, is the certainty of change and the need for existing institutions to be prepared for change or become reconciled to extinction at worst or fossilization at best." To Mr. Wilson "it seems beyond belief that anyone could contest the view that the businessman, who wields a vast amount of economic, and therefore social, power, must expand his vision beyond the limits of making maximum profit, the traditional definition of his primary function, to encompass many of society's harassing problems that wash the edges of his island."

It is on these concepts that Xerox has grown. From them have come excellent employee benefit programs, and carefully structured, as well as generous, programs of financial support of educational, cultural, and charitable organizations. From them also have come active participation in and support of community activities, the hiring and training of minority groups, the struggle to clean up our environment, and real, not token, involvement in the improvement of life of the society in which Xerox lives and grows.

This involvement is not surprising in a company whose chief executive acts on the belief that "the corporation cannot refuse to take a stand on public issues of major concern, for failure to act is to throw its weight on the side of the status quo, and the public interprets it that way." Mr. Wilson also believes that to "ignore the non-economic consequences of business is to invite outside intervention, endangering the autonomy of business even in its own precinct."

Many people know Xerox as the company that, at a cost of $4-million, sponsored a series of four television programs on the United Nations, at a time (1964) when its existence was under attack by articulate and powerful fringe groups. And the series ran with no commercials—only opening and closing billboards. It is also known as the company that sponsored nationally a documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings; that expended close to $1-million in support and distribution of the 1970 and 1971 "Civilisation" series, shown on educational television and on NBC; that brought viewers the eight-part series "Of Black America" on CBS; that sponsored TV productions of such plays as *Death of a Salesman* and *The Glass Menagerie* and a long list of documentaries dealing with the issues of inflation, Wall

*"How are things back home? The pollution, sludge, crime, traffic, drugs . . . "*



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Street, Congress, and a host of other controversial subjects.

But the contribution made by Mr. Wilson was larger than all of these put together. As chief executive of his company from 1946 to 1968, he instilled in the consciousness of Xerox's executives the conviction that his philosophy was not for him alone, but for all of them, for the entire company. He ensured its perpetuation by selecting executives who believed in business's role as he outlined it. He preached his philosophy internally as well as externally and acted on his belief so surely that his managers knew he meant what he said and performed as he believed.

In 1968, Mr. Wilson relinquished the chief executive post (he is now board chairman) to C. Peter McColough, who started with Xerox (then the Haloid Company) in 1954 as general manager of the firm's first reproduction service center in Chicago. Mr. McColough is continuing the Wilson tradition, as others now do within the company, for it is that kind of organization. To Mr. Wilson's successor, as he looks into the '70s, "it is absolutely essential that we meet our social reponsibilities fully in each of the countries in which we operate. We simply have to be a good citizen and contribute in each of the countries, because if we don't we are not going to have a very bright future. I think this means getting involved in those societies in the same way we are in the United States, trying to help solve some of the social problems that are confronting the various countries."

Mr. McColough has proved himself an effective head of an active company. He has also shown by his actions that he can carry the Wilson banner in the acceptance of responsibility to his communities as he has in the narrower area of management.

For executives of other corporations who doubt that a corporation can be profitable and still "do good," here are a few relevant figures: In 1946, the year Mr. Wilson became Xerox's chief executive, the revenues of the then unlisted company were $6,752,000. Its after-tax earnings were $150,000, and it had 727 employees. In 1968, when Mr. Wilson stepped out of the chief executive job, Xerox's revenues were $1,224,352,000. Its after-tax earnings were $128,950,000, and it had 45,142 employees worldwide. It was 109th on *Fortune* magazine's list of the 500 largest industrial companies. Since Mr. McColough took over the top job, revenues have increased to $1,718,587,000 with after-tax earnings of $187,691,000, and it has 59,862 employees. It is now 60th on the *Fortune* list.

Yes, Mr. Concerned Executive, a corporation can earn a healthy profit and public approval at the same time.

—L. L. L. Golden.

## Jocks and Their Ghosts

*Continued from page 49*

Plimpton rates his golf book, *The Bogey Man*, as better than *Paper Lion*, but he is wrong. Plimpton boxed with Archie Moore ten years ago, played basketball with the Boston Celtics two years ago, and eventually hopes to complete books on these experiences.

Plimpton isn't worried about the timeliness of these works in progress since he believes a good sports book must transcend the activities of any one year and seek a much broader base. "Any book written to recapitulate a championship season is doomed to oblivion," he states. Recently he was having dinner with basketball forward and Rhodes scholar Bill Bradley when he realized he had read none of the glut of books that resulted from the New York Knicks' championship. "I'm sorry I haven't read any of the Knicks books," offered Plimpton. "Why?" asked Bradley.

More prolific than Plimpton is Dick Schaap, who at one point became almost a one-man Jock-of-the-Month Club. During a sixteen-month period he produced nine books, most of them enormously successful. "Produced" is the proper word because Schaap not only collaborated via tape recorder with various athletes but also worked with other writers.

Schaap's career as an athletic ghost began almost by accident when the publishers of his book about the Kennedys asked him to suggest a football player capable of writing a diary book. Schaap, a former sportswriter gone straight, mentioned Jerry Kramer, whom he once had encountered reading poetry aloud. Kramer agreed to the project if Schaap would assist, but Schaap confined his role mostly to editing and organization. Leonard Shecter reportedly did likewise with Jim Bouton, seemingly proving a contention by Regnery editor Dominick Abel that "most athletes probably could write better books than sportswriters if they only took the time."

After *Instant Replay* became a best seller, Sony stock rose two points as Schaap put tape recorders in the hands of an assortment of baseball and basketball players and golf pros. One athlete mailed him a tape consisting mostly of sighs and sensuous moans. "It sounded like the old John and Marcia record," recalls Schaap. After a while the sighs subsided and Schaap heard his subject's voice: "I guess you know where I am now, Dick." From the background came the voice of a girl: "Who's Dick?"

Incidentally, Bouton recently wrote in *New York Magazine* that he was totally disenchanted by the way *Ball Four* was handled. He believes he hasn't yet received all the money he has coming, found many stores where no one could buy the book because it was out of stock, and ran into all kinds of hidden "costs" that cut his royalties way down.

There are other hazards for a sports ghost besides loss of identity and lack of cooperation. For example, consider what happened to Bob Ottum while working with STP president Andy Granatelli on *They Call Me Mister 500*. The author of record, accompanied by his ghost, flew by jet from O'Hare Field one morning headed toward Indianapolis. A major portion of Andy's career revolved around his crusade to bring turbine-powered racers to the Speedway. Just after take-off, one of the plane's jet engines shut off. Andy leaned over to Ottum and said: "Here's the perfect ending for the book—we live by the turbine and we die by the turbine." As the plane circled for an emergency landing, Ottum pointed out that if they died he would never finish the book. Granatelli thought for a few moments, then leaned over again, this time really worried: "Listen, can anybody read your notes?"

**FRASER YOUNG**
**LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1465**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1465 will be found in the next issue.*

YP EGD G JGK EYQ GOWPI

UCQJ WYP HPDW JQWAMPD.

WYPCP AD QKP HQCK PMPCN

JAKTWP. —EQIPYQTDP

**Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1461**

*The price we have to pay for money is paid in liberty.*

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

**Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1463**

*Miracles arise from our ignorance of nature, not from nature itself.*

—Montaigne.

**Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1464**

*It's going to be fun to watch and see how long the meek can keep the earth after they inherit it.*

—Ken Hubbard.



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## Medical Care

*Continued from page 17*

will encourage people to go to doctors earlier than they might otherwise and thus catch diseases at a stage where they can be dealt with more effectively. This may be true in some cases, but the change to prepaid medical care has more complex consequences.

The end of fee-for-service removes the individual physician's economic interest in his patient, while, for the group as a whole, it is economically advantageous to do as little as possible for the patient. For the subscriber to such a group, however, the removal of additional out-of-pocket cost for a visit to the doctor creates the temptation to overuse the group's resources. Thus, a tension is automatically set up between the group physicians and their patients.

One result of this situation has been well described by Dr. Sidney Garfield, the founder of the Kaiser-Permanente groups. Last year Dr. Garfield wrote in the *Scientific American*:

> Elimination of the fee has always been a must in our thinking, since it is a barrier to early entry into sick care. Early entry is essential for early treatment and for preventing serious illness and complications. Only after years of costly experience did we discover that the elimination of the fee is practically as much of a barrier to early sick care as the fee itself. The reason is that when we removed the fee, we removed the regulator of flow into the system and put nothing in its place. The result is an uncontrolled flood of well, worried-well, early-sick, and sick people into our point of entry—the doctor's appointment—on a first-come first-served basis that has little relation to priority of need. The impact of this demand overloads the system, and, since the well and worried-well people are a considerable proportion of our entry mix, the usurping of available doctors' time by the healthy people actually interferes with the care of the sick.

Dr. Garfield is attempting to meet this problem by experimenting with the use of computerized, automated, multiphasic screening techniques. A battery of tests—by machines and physician's assistants—is hardly the kind of warm, humane, intimate medical care most people want. On the contrary, the impersonality of such care, the lack of any long-term continued contact with one physician, is likely to repel many people. Moreover, the possibilities that a national system of prepaid group practice will turn into a bureaucratic monster are enormous.

It is strange that the enthusiasts for more "system" in medicine have not learned anything from the debacle of the nation's public school system. In every community, public school education is free to the recipients; yet, everywhere—or almost everywhere—there is bitter complaint of the failure of this system to teach effectively or to satisfy the psychological needs of our young people. Strikes by schoolteachers are now no longer novelties. Are there any guarantees that a national medical system will not follow the same path, and that someday we will not have strikes by doctors? Will some future Ivan Illich have to appear to demand the liberation of sick Americans from the medical bureaucrats as Mr. Illich now calls for the liberation of young Americans from the educational bureaucrats?

In an era when people are again referring respectfully to the one-room schoolhouse as a "daring experiment," should we lightly scrap the cottage industry aspects of medicine where they permit intimate, long-term, and humane contacts between physicians and patients? A human being is not a machine that can be fixed by any garage mechanic when something goes wrong. Yet, that philosophy is the implicit premise of much current discussion of medical reorganization.

The nation's real problems of medical care can best be met by measures that focus on particular trouble areas, rather than by a violent transformation of the entire complex medical system that would affect equally all parts, those working well and those working poorly.

Of course, the ghettoes and small towns need more doctors and medical facilities. But the government already has authority to recruit physicians and other medical personnel to meet these needs. And if young physicians are idealistically anxious to go into these deficient areas, why shouldn't the state help them do so?

The family of moderate means struck by catastrophic illness can be bankrupted by heavy medical bills. That problem could be solved by government-organized, compulsory major medical insurance whose cost on a national per capita basis would be relatively small.

In the present period of galloping inflation, it is probably utopian to suppose that the inflation of medical costs can be curbed, short of a general wage-price freeze for the entire economy. But it is not unrealistic to suppose that the upward rocketing of hospital costs might be slowed down by a variety of measures. One important need is for revision of the formulas used to reimburse hospitals under Medicare, Medicaid, Blue Cross, and other insurance schemes. These formulas—which in the past have often stressed cost reimbursement without pressures for economy—need to be altered so that hospital administrators will be more economy-minded in the future than in the past. The needless proliferation of duplicative hospital facilities needs to be stopped and replaced by systems of hospital cooperation so that patients at several hospitals in a locality have shared access to a particularly scarce or expensive facility. The escalation of medical costs could also be usefully countered by effective action on the malpractice front so as to curb present excesses and abuses that add significantly to the costs patients, insurance firms, and the government must pay.

There are many other ways in which the present medical system can be intelligently and humanely improved. But these needed and useful improvements can be made within the context of a continued pluralistic system. Different people have different tastes and different needs. Those who want to use prepaid groups should be permitted to do so; those who want to go to a physician and pay him each time should be free to do so, too. The result may not seem to be as neat on an organization chart as a uniform national system, and it may have seeming inefficiencies and duplications. But the right of choice for doctors and patients alike is worth such costs—at least in a really humane society.

In an era of increasing and justified disenchantment with big government, it is astonishing that so many well-meaning and intelligent reformers essentially want to nationalize and bureaucratize American medicine, either explicitly as in Britain or implicitly as in some of the legislation before Congress. One would have thought that the postal and public school systems would have taught them long ago that nationalization does not mean efficiency, and that the telephone system would have taught them that even a private integrated system can develop serious flaws. Based on the record of the past, we have every reason to suspect that if the revolutionary proposals for transforming American medicine are adopted and implemented, medical care in this country will cost more while providing less satisfaction and poorer treatment for millions.



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# Communications

*Continued from page 44*

public desires? Certainly [that newspaper's] ability to prosper baffles and, to some degree, refutes the faith Stein and many other thoughtful people cherish for the more probing approach to current events.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN,
New York City, N.Y.

M. L. STEIN'S recent article was an interesting and concise examination of evolution within newspapers across the country.

A tiny bit of criticism: Mr. Stein shares the unfortunate habit of others of considering only the larger newspapers in his research. The average American daily paper has a circulation of about 40,000, and, within that level, there is excellent work being done.

I would agree that the vast majority of smaller newspapers aren't doing the kind of job that they should be doing. Nevertheless, there are excellent exceptions. I believe that the smaller papers unfettered by the chains of rigid tradition are more willing to experiment not only with revolutionary methods of coverage but with photography, makeup, and color usage far beyond that done in the mets.

Also, young, imaginative reporters and editors have found the small-city press to be an excellent training ground in which they have the freedom to explore new journalistic paths.

At this newspaper, we recently (on a small paper we type our own letters) inaugurated a new beat structure much along the lines of those on the more experimental mets. We, too, have eliminated the traditional city hall, courthouse, and police station beats and have assigned our eight-man city staff to "areas of common interest." Our environmental reporter, for example, cuts across governmental boundaries to cover events and trends at the federal, state, county, and city levels. Our education writer is concerned with everything from kindergarten (or Head Start) to graduate-level study. Our human affairs specialist is involved with welfare, medical care, social service agencies, religion, etc. We have not yet perfected our new structure. But early results are most encouraging.

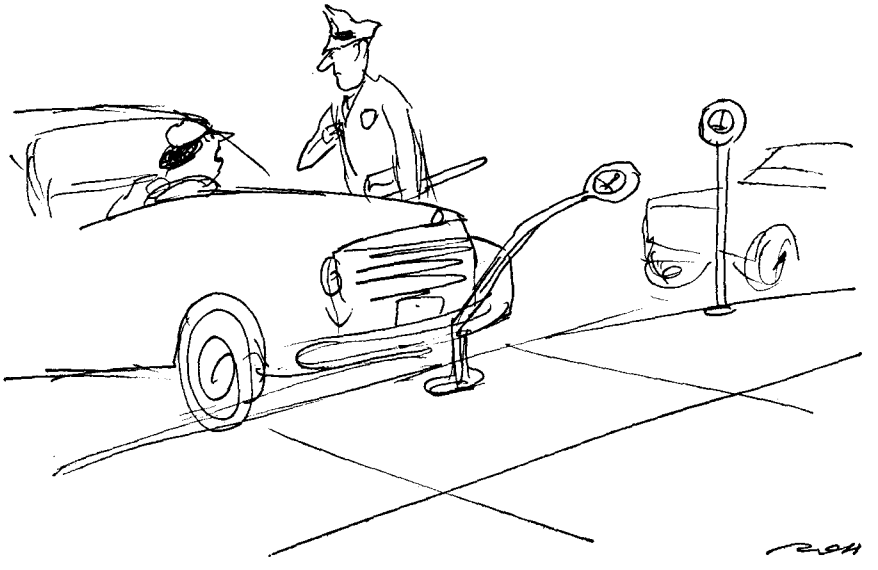
Likewise, a number of other newspapers are doing interesting things. For example, there's first-class in-depth reporting at the Redding, California, *Record-Searchlight* 150 miles east of here. The Eugene, Oregon, *Register-Guard* is a first-class newspaper by any standard. The Albany, Oregon, *Democrat-Herald* is perhaps one of the most beautiful papers in the nation.

Unlike the mets, the small-city press has prospered even during the television era. The emergence of suburban cities and the renewal of small cities have meant health for the small-city press. Proof is to be found in the construction of new plants, the installation of space-age equipment, and the enlargement of news staffs.

We smaller newspaper editors (ours has a circulation of 27,000) also are seeing the reversal of a long-time trend regarding talented reporters. Whereas we once trained the good ones only to see them flee to the cities, we now are the beneficiaries of many applications from big-city reporters who want to get out of the urban mess and return to the sanity of a smaller city. Experienced, first-class newsmen are returning from the mets to the smaller papers, and their talents are improving these smaller papers.

We are not satisfied. We are always looking for the better way to cover the news. But the search for that better way, by no means, is confined to the metropolitan newspapers.

DANIEL R. WALTERS,
Managing Editor, *Times Standard*,
Eureka, Calif.



*"So what? I've put in enough dimes to pay for a dozen meters."*

# News Access

*Continued from page 51*

citizen support for newsmen's efforts to gain access. If even a few more people would openly support efforts at access, the situation would soon be improved, and the average citizen would have more information for making good civic judgments."

Richard Kleeman said that Sigma Delta Chi takes the position "that the public is entitled not only to know what actions are taken by public bodies but to have access to the documents and discussions that form the basis for such actions." He deplored a favorite trick of officials: hammering out their business behind locked doors and then rubber-stamping the actions in an open meeting.

According to Kenneth H. Brief, news editor of *Newsday*, executive sessions are a "general practice among many municipal bodies on Long Island. The public is being cheated."

An indifferent public is not the only culprit in the access problem. Some publishers and broadcasters, because of timidity or their ties with the Establishment, do not push the issue and are likely to leave their reporters stranded when they try to buck the system. According to Robert M. White, a "good, professional reporter" can foil secrecy ploys by his sheer determination and sophistication. "But," White continued, "as vital as this kind of reporter is, he's always at his best when backed by a publisher who is a man of courage, a man of the highest journalistic dedication, and a man of enough strength to back up a professional reporter doing what may be an extremely difficult and dangerous job."

One newsman who is aware of the difficulty—and danger—is Stewart Slavin of United Press International. He was arrested on suspicion of loitering and held for twenty hours while attempting to cover the student disturbances in Isla Vista, California, last February. Santa Barbara sheriff's deputies took him in despite the fact that he showed his press credentials.

And in Douglas, Arizona, the City Council seriously discussed whether it should prohibit the *Douglas Dispatch* from publishing the names of persons found guilty of traffic offenses.

It seems that for many officials, both in and outside of Washington, the First Amendment is not a settled issue.

**LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS**

In order of appearance (after Hardy in the introduction): Shaw, Verne, Rand, Stowe, Caldwell, Salinger, Inge, Perse, Fielding, Stein, O'Neill, Oxford, Sand, Cather, Amis, Landor, Warren, Sartre, Silone, Norris, Agee.



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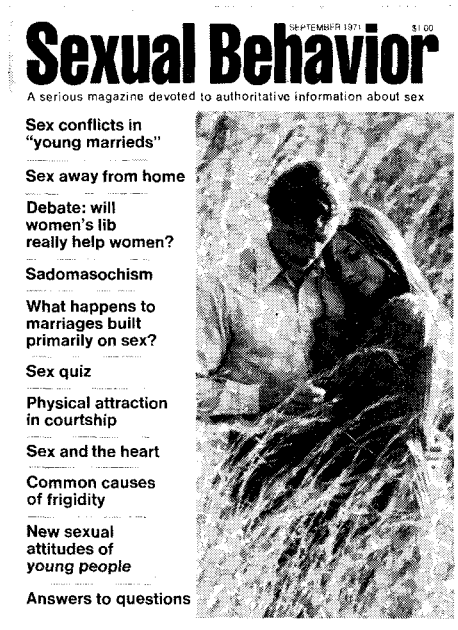
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## World of Dance

*Continued from page 39*

Chase, co-director with Oliver Smith of ABT, not until the company plays its first season at Washington's Kennedy Center (where it is the official ballet group) and New York next year.

There are other ballets, from Lander's dazzling theatricalization of ballet studies (from *pliés* in the five classical positions to the most complex of leaps, turns, kicks, and lifts) in *Etudes* to young Eliot Feld's sensitive and deeply touching *At Midnight* (Mahler), but more anon. Other dancers? Royes Fernandez, who can be elegant without looking like a fool, a real cavalier; Ted Kivitt, sometimes gauche, but wow! what prowess! Eleanor d'Antuono, velocity, dependability, determination, and no little panache; Mimi Paul, not so dependable, perhaps technically lazy, but with mystique (and a long neck); Bruce Marks, a modern dance expert as well as a classicist, who has become the first foreign *danseur* in history to be engaged as a permanent solo dancer by the oldest continuing state ballet, the Royal Danish Ballet; Sallie Wilson, actress, who is superb in Tudor's *Pillar of Fire* and *Lilac Garden* and in Agnes de Mille's powerful and mesmeric exploration of Lizzie Borden in *Fall River Legend;* and, among the soloists (kindly do not forget the ballet ranks with *corps de ballet, coryphées,* demi- or semi-soloists, soloists, principals, *prime, assolute,* etc.), may I point out that John Prinz, late of the New York City Ballet, is *dancing* magnificently these days. I emphasize "dancing" simply because the NYCB, under Balanchine, is more concerned with execution of steps than with performing (Hayden, Verdy, d'Amboise, Villella, and a few others excepted). But then, the American Ballet Theatre has always been theater, and right now it is at its theatrical best, and that sets a standard that other ballet companies may do well to envy.

**To return** to Prinz's first company, the New York City Ballet, let me say that its final novelty of the spring-summer New York season (and later at the Saratoga Springs Art Festival) was Balanchine's new *PAMTGG,* which this master choreographer elicited from the commercial "Pan Am Makes the Going Great." Well, the going was *not* great. It was, to be kind, a lousy ballet. The airport theme and the jazz score (Roger Kellaway on themes of Stan Applebaum and Sid Woloshin) would have been handled better, and with more artistic integrity, by the Radio City Music Hall. Seeing it, I wished that Florence Rogge, formerly ballet director of the Music Hall, could have been invited out of retirement to stage this work for Mr. B, who was afloundering pitifully.

Further capsules? Next time: Dame Margot Fonteyn in *Poème de l'Extase* for Stuttgart; Jacob's Pillow, festivals; and a movie, *Peter Rabbit* (Royal Ballet).

Answer to Wit Twister, page 36: hatters, shatter, threats.

*"Really, Stanley, why be unhappy? Your retirement fund is intact, and you're still a member of a Playboy Club."*


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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1949

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

**By Thomas H. Middleton**

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. "— Waltz," by Liszt | 76 81 185 210 3 21 22 25 |
| B. Relating to or resembling the chickweed | 33 91 99 103 120 128 175 192 206 215 219 |
| C. Without holding back | 223 27 48 51 86 101 104 119 129 213 4 20 |
| D. Resistor for regulating a current | 24 30 32 62 72 83 93 105 |
| E. "Nor jealousy / Was understood, the — hell." (2 wds., "Paradise Lost") | 123 162 222 26 34 39 45 102 109 147 159 170 180 |
| F. Got hell (2 wds.) | 88 140 156 10 36 43 50 61 |
| G. Incarnation | 98 153 125 164 79 171 207 225 182 191 |
| H. Audacious, immodest | 205 2 14 97 107 172 194 226 55 |
| I. "The faultless painter" (full name) | 59 78 133 151 160 181 149 167 173 184 220 229 29 68 |
| J. Defeats, subdues (4 wds.) | 70 113 127 134 157 143 148 138 161 174 197 214 8 |
| K. Defeated, vanquished, deposed, toppled | 9 193 204 17 64 66 75 114 118 |
| L. Contested, disputed (2 wds.) | 150 217 63 110 116 135 74 227 5 67 |
| M. Condition, trim | 108 132 142 158 178 208 |
| N. Acknowledge defeat; ask for a truce (4 wds.) | 7 42 89 13 65 80 137 49 85 177 209 228 112 187 19 11 |
| O. "I would not spend another such a night, / Though 'twere to buy a world of —." (2 wds., Richard III") | 71 146 1 53 196 28 12 221 87 |
| P. Wavers, fall back | 163 231 16 179 189 |
| Q. *Visionaries, dreamers* | 211 130 139 46 188 202 56 94 124 |
| R. "So shines a good deed in a —," says Portia. (2 wds.) | 200 54 165 41 169 216 47 131 96 195 201 183 |
| S. Rebuke severely | 203 57 117 224 52 77 141 18 |
| T. Gazing fixedly at water in a basin | 106 126 92 154 38 90 121 95 152 58 44 |
| U. Charming, agreeable | 37 212 15 60 6 73 40 82 84 186 230 111 |
| V. Strindberg play (2 wds.) | 35 176 31 218 190 115 122 144 199 |
| W. Utters in a loud voice (2 wds.) | 145 136 23 69 166 155 100 198 168 |

### DIRECTIONS

*Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 O | 2 H | 3 A | 4 C | 5 L | 6 U | 7 N | | 8 J | 9 K | 10 F | 11 N | | 12 O | | 13 N | 14 H | 15 U | 16 P |
| 17 K | | 18 S | 19 N | 20 C | 21 A | | 22 A | 23 W | | 24 D | 25 A | 26 E | 27 C | 28 O | | 29 I | 30 D | 31 V |
| | 32 D | 33 B | 34 E | 35 V | 36 F | | 37 U | 38 T | | 39 E | 40 U | 41 R | 42 N | 43 F | 44 T | | 45 E | 46 Q |
| 47 R | 48 C | | 49 N | 50 F | 51 C | 52 S | | 53 O | 54 R | 55 H | 56 Q | 57 S | 58 T | 59 I | 60 U | 61 F | 62 D | 63 L |
| 64 K | | 65 N | 66 K | 67 L | 68 I | 69 W | 70 J | 71 O | | 72 D | 73 U | 74 L | 75 K | 76 A | | 77 S | 78 I | 79 G |
| | 80 N | 81 A | 82 U | 83 D | | 84 U | 85 N | 86 C | 87 O | | 88 F | 89 N | 90 T | 91 B | | 92 T | 93 D | 94 Q |
| | 95 T | 96 R | 97 H | 98 G | 99 B | | 100 W | 101 C | | 102 E | 103 B | 104 C | 105 D | 106 T | 107 H | | 108 M | 109 E |
| 110 L | 111 U | | 112 N | 113 J | 114 K | 115 V | | 116 L | 117 S | | 118 K | 119 C | 120 B | 121 T | | 122 V | 123 E | 124 Q |
| | 125 G | 126 T | 127 J | | 128 B | 129 C | 130 Q | | 131 R | 132 M | 133 I | 134 J | | 135 L | 136 W | 137 N | | 138 J |
| 139 Q | 140 F | 141 S | 142 M | | 143 J | 144 V | | 145 W | 146 O | 147 E | 148 J | 149 I | | 150 L | 151 I | 152 T | 153 G | |
| 154 T | | 155 W | 156 F | 157 J | 158 M | 159 E | 160 I | | 161 J | 162 E | | 163 P | 164 G | 165 R | 166 W | 167 I | | 168 W |
| 169 R | 170 E | 171 G | 172 H | 173 I | 174 J | | 175 B | 176 V | 177 N | 178 M | 179 P | 180 E | | 181 I | 182 G | 183 R | | 184 I |
| 185 A | 186 U | 187 N | 188 Q | 189 P | | 190 V | 191 G | | 192 B | 193 K | 194 H | 195 R | 196 O | | 197 J | 198 W | 199 V | 200 R |
| | 201 R | 202 Q | 203 S | 204 K | | 205 H | 206 B | 207 G | 208 M | 209 N | 210 A | 211 Q | 212 U | 213 C | | 214 J | 215 B | 216 R |
| | 217 L | 218 V | | 219 B | 220 I | 221 O | | 222 E | 223 C | 224 S | 225 G | 226 H | | 227 L | 228 N | 229 I | 230 U | 231 P |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.



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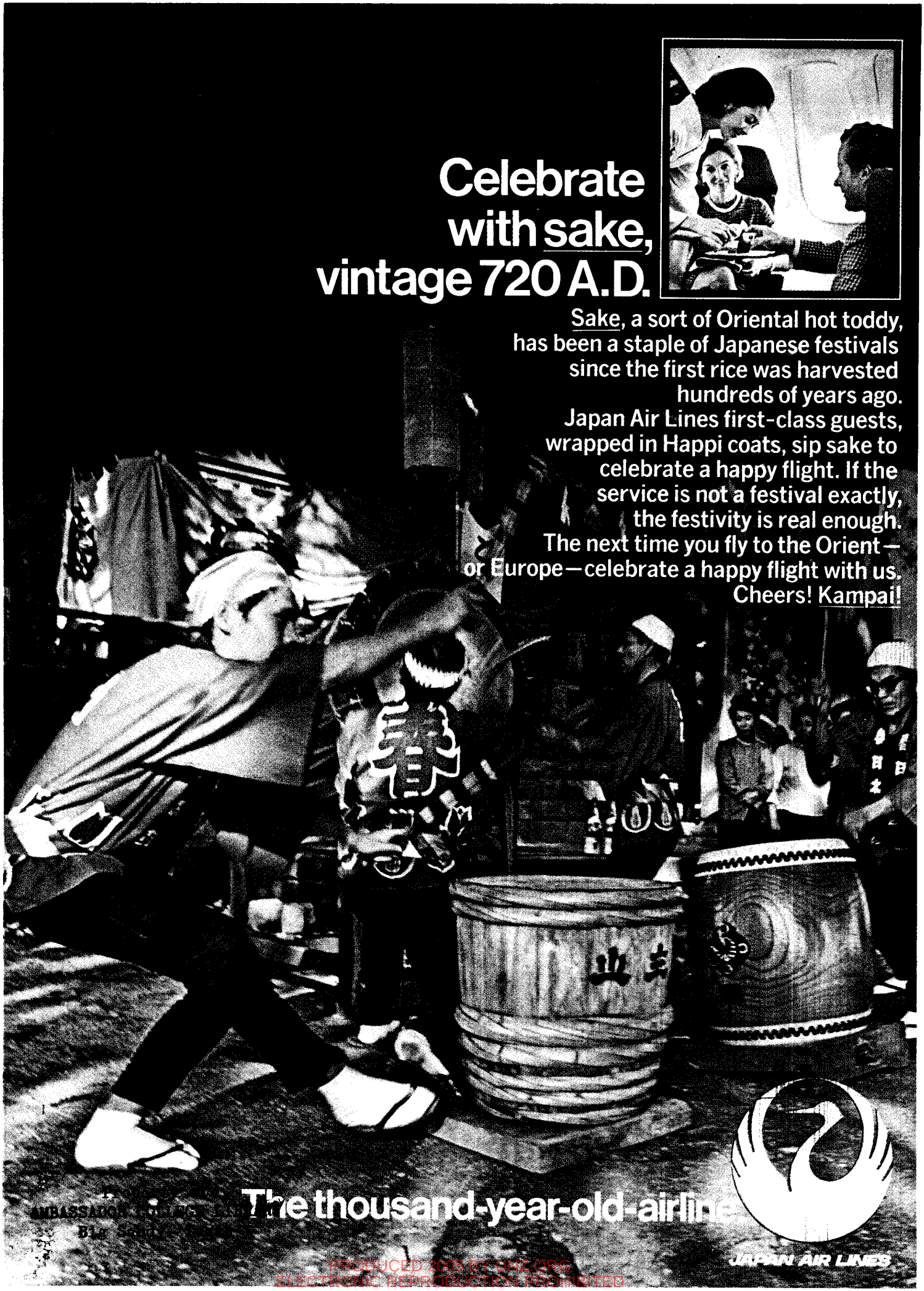
Celebrate with sake, vintage 720 A.D.
Sake, a sort of Oriental hot toddy, has been a staple of Japanese festivals since the first rice was harvested hundreds of years ago.
Japan Air Lines first-class guests, wrapped in Happi coats, sip sake to celebrate a happy flight. If the service is not a festival exactly, the festivity is real enough.
The next time you fly to the Orient—or Europe—celebrate a happy flight with us.
Cheers! Kampai!
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